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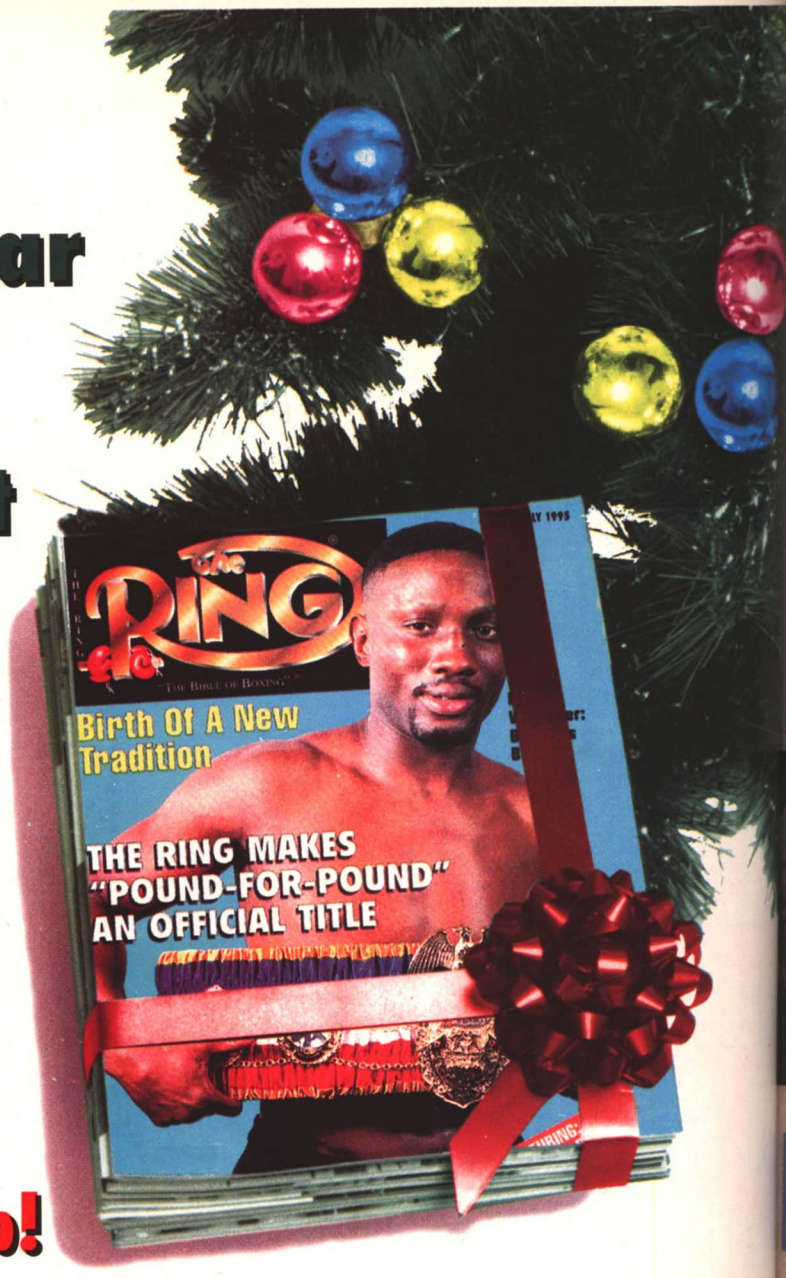

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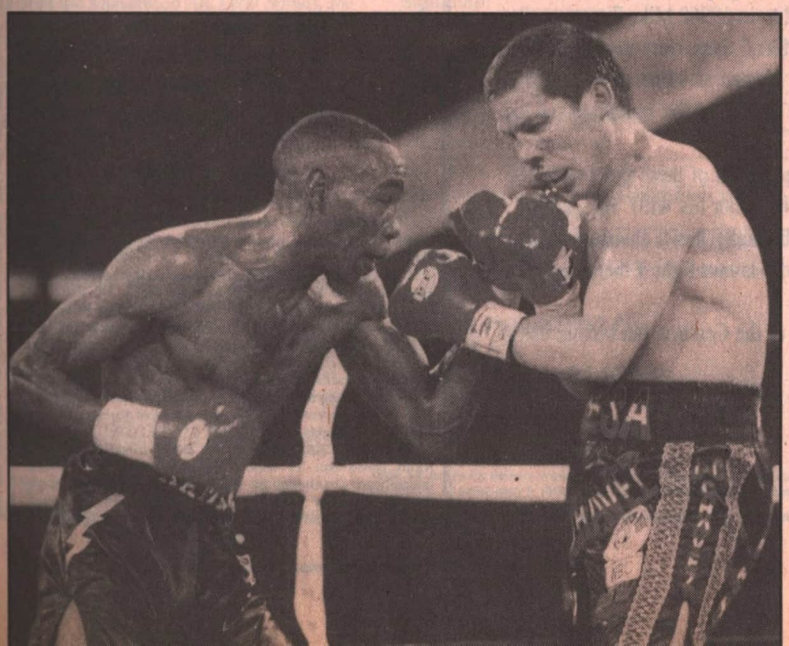

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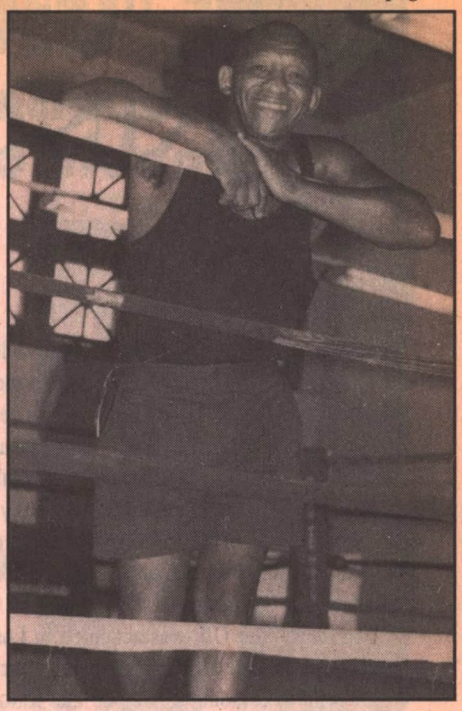

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RINGSIDE

Since people a lot smarter than me decided the O.J. Simpson trial was a metaphor for life in 20th century America, I've decided it must be a metaphor for boxing, too.

When it was announced that the jury had reached a verdict, but that nothing would be revealed until the next day, the drama was deliciously heightened and almost unbearable. As had been the case all along, everyone had an opinion. But while others were arguing guilty or innocent, I was arguing Lennox or Tommy. And in my small circle, everyone had an opinion on that as well.

Four days after O.J. was acquitted in Los Angeles, Lennox Lewis scored four knockdowns en route to stopping Tommy Morrison in Atlantic City. (Look for ringside coverage in next month's issue of THE RING). What made those last hours of the Simpson trial so fascinating was that no one, not even the legal experts, knew what was going to happen. While the stakes were drastically different, of course, it was the same with the fight. And what made Lewis-Morrison so intriguing was what makes all great boxing matchups so intriguing: Nobody could be sure what was going to happen.

Was Lewis going to land his monster right hand and crush the soft-chinned Morrison into the canvas? Was "The Duke" going to connect with the same left hook that had devastated Razor Ruddock? I quizzed a handful of experts at ringside, and both scenarios received a fair share of the vote.

Whoever thought Lewis would win the fight with left hooks?

Before a big fight, I always measure the butterfly content in my stomach, and it's always at its highest for who-knows fights like Lewis-Morrison. I remember the intensity of the feeling before some of the biggest fights of my 18 years in boxing, like Leonard-Duran I, Leonard-Hearns I, Holmes-Cooney, Pryor-Arguello I, Hagler-Hearns, Chavez-Taylor I, Tyson-Spinks, and Carbajal-Gonzalez I. Interestingly, and not coincidentally, six of those eight bouts were fight-of-the-year quality, and five resulted in rematches.

How many who-knows fights can we look forward to in 1996? Mike Tyson vs. the winner of Bowe-Holyfield heads the list. For "Iron Mike," there were no who-knows fights before his date with Buster Douglas. Now he's viewed as vulnerable—and will be viewed as such no matter what happens over the course of the remainder of his career.

How about Marco Antonio Barrera-Naseem Hamed? Both of these guys seem too good to be true. Which fighter would impose his style, if not his will? Who knows? Then there's Pernell Whitaker-Felix Trinidad, which finally has a chance of being made. And Julio Cesar Chavez-Oscar De La Hoya, a who-knows fight if there ever was one.

Think about it: Maybe the O.J. saga was The Trial of the Century, but boxing has a Fight of the Century every few years.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

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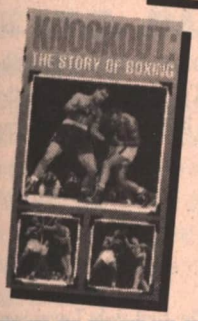

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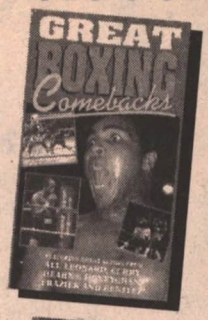

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COME OUT WRITING

We welcome your letters, which may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, The Ring, P.O. Box 1148, Ft. Washington, PA 19034

THE TWO TYSONS

The misanthropic outlook that Mike Tyson projected in his prison interview with THE RING in your Winter 1994 edition starkly contrasts with statements he has made recently. These days, Tyson is telling people to enjoy life, family, and God. He's talking about Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald, quoting great writers and philosophers, and even recommending films. I feel Generation X's premier fighter is, neither for better nor worse, a changed man.

As Tyson looks to again become a champion, I'm reminded of the words of Joyce Carol Oates, who wrote, "If the boxing ring is an altar, it is not an altar of sacrifice solely, but one of consecration and redemption. Sometimes." Perhaps this time around things will be different. As a fighter, Tyson must do more than defeat Peter McNeeley and Buster Mathis Jr. to gain respect. As for the person he has become outside the ring, I think he'll continue to confound most of us for a long time.

PETER R. CORY
Kingston, Ontario

BRING ON BRIGGS

As a huge fight fan, I've seen plenty of great ones in my 30-plus years. The first fight I ever went to was Sugar Ray Leonard-Don Lalonde, and I've attended just about every big fight in Las Vegas since. A couple of years ago I heard of a guy named Shannon Briggs. My friend said he was a monster destined to get a championship belt. I saw Briggs on *Tuesday Night Fights* and was very impressed.

Since then I've become a fan, especially after meeting Briggs at the second Bowe-Holyfield fight. What I'd like to know is how fighters like Peter McNeeley get shots at Mike Tyson when there's a Briggs out there. Briggs wouldn't have a manager come into the ring at the first sign of trouble. And he's big enough to fight a Bowe, a Lewis, or a Morrison. The public, which won't stand for a McNeeley or a Buster Mathis Jr. for long, would definitely get its money's worth from Briggs.

VINCE WASHINGTON
Los Angeles, CA

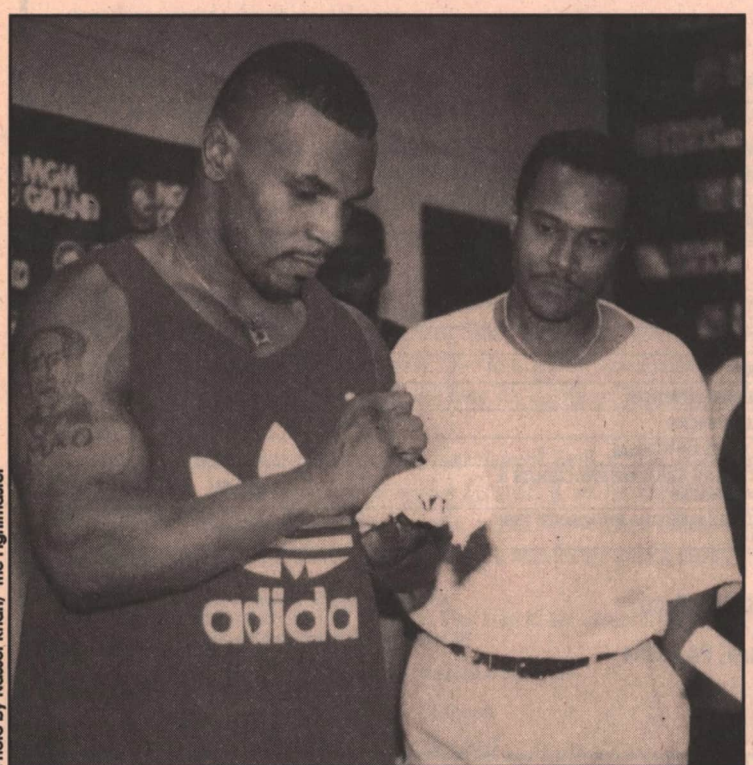


Photo by Nasser Khan/"The Fightmaster"

Is Mike Tyson a changed man? Reader Peter R. Cory suggests the interview Iron Mike conducted with THE RING *while in prison isn't indicative of Tyson's current mood.*

A NOBLE SURRENDER

Many people have criticized Genaro Hernandez for quitting after the sixth round of his bout vs. Oscar De La Hoya. Hernandez has proven to be a great champion, and I have as much respect for him now as I did before the De La Hoya fight. It takes a lot of guts to admit you've met a fighter who is stronger and quicker than you are. Hernandez' nose was badly broken. He was behind on all three cards, and it appeared things would get only worse as the fight progressed.

When Hernandez told the referee he didn't want to continue, he was thinking only about his own health and career. He has nothing to be ashamed of. After all, he lost to a fighter who should be ranked second in the pound-for-pound ratings, behind only Roy Jones.

EDWIN L. GREEN
Bessemer City, NC

DON'T IGNORE NAZAROV

Last December, I watched WBA lightweight champion Orzubek Nazarov soundly defeat my friend Joey Gamache. Since then, the boxing world has virtually ignored the Russian-born champion. And Oscar De La Hoya has been quieter than anyone else. While certain members of the media rank De La Hoya as the world's best lightweight, and his handlers speak of his intense desire for better competition, he has failed to even mention Nazarov's name.

Nazarov's camp should move him up a class so he can defeat the likes of Kostya Tszyu, Frankie Randall, and Julio Cesar Chavez. Then a Nazarov-De La Hoya fight would be inevitable, with the Russian winning by kayo.

De La Hoya is a great fighter. But until he beats Nazarov, he's not the best.

TOM HINES
Hanover, ME

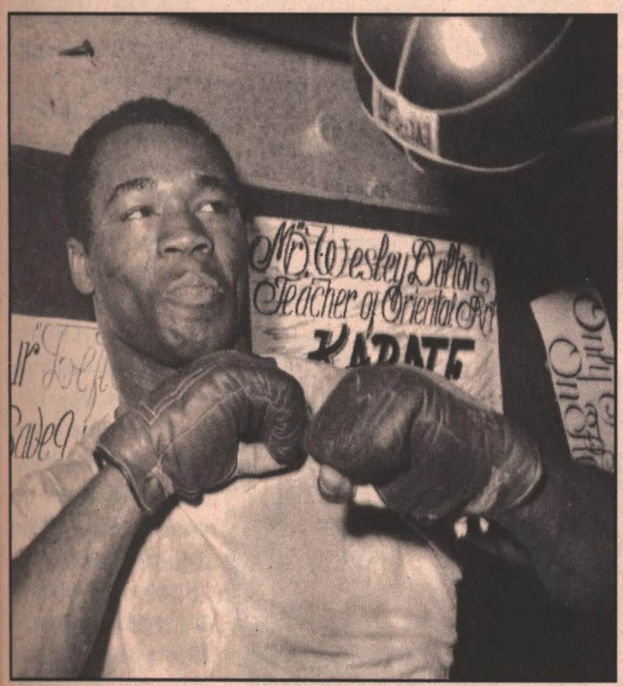
GREATS, BUT NEVER CHAMPS

I was thumbing through some back issues of THE RING when I noticed the "Battle Of The Legends" featuring Marcel Cerdan vs. Charley Burley. This was an excellent matchup because Burley is a prime example of a great fighter who, due to some misfortune, never received his due.

There have been many great fighters who were never champions. I can think of three others who fit into this category: Mauro Mina, Leotis Martin, and Jimmy Young.

Peru's Mina defeated some of the very best light heavyweights, such as Bob Foster, Eddie Cotton, and Gregorio Peralta. He probably would've gone on to become world champion had he not been forced to retire because of a detached retina.

Martin was an AAU middleweight champion (in 1961) who beat Jimmy Ellis at that level. In the first round of the WBA heavyweight tournament in 1967, Martin was rallying against Ellis when the fight was stopped due to a cut inside Martin's mouth. Martin nonetheless went on to score kayo wins against Sonny Liston, Karl Mildenberger, Thad Spencer, and Amos Johnson. He was a well-rounded fighter who was strictly avoided by Joe Frazier. Like Mina, he was forced to retire following surgery to repair a detached retina. Had he fought on, he would have likely secured a bout with Frazier or Muhammad Ali.



Mauro Mina appeared to be a light heavyweight champion-to-be, but a detached retina ended his career. Asks reader Mike Reveles: How about a "Battle Of The Legends" matchup between Mina and Willie Pastrano?

Young was the "Sweet Pea" of the heavyweights, a great boxer who could only last so long because he didn't have much of a punch. But he whipped Ron Lyle (twice) and Earnie Shavers, though they called it a draw. He was also the only fighter to administer a thorough comeuppance to both Ali and George Foreman. Unfortunately, he was robbed against Ali, and arguably against Ken Norton, too.

Some suggestions for "Battle Of The Legends" matchups: Mina vs. Willie Pastrano (1964), Martin vs. Ali or Frazier (1970), and Young vs. Larry Holmes (1977 or '78).

MIKE REVELES
San Diego, CA

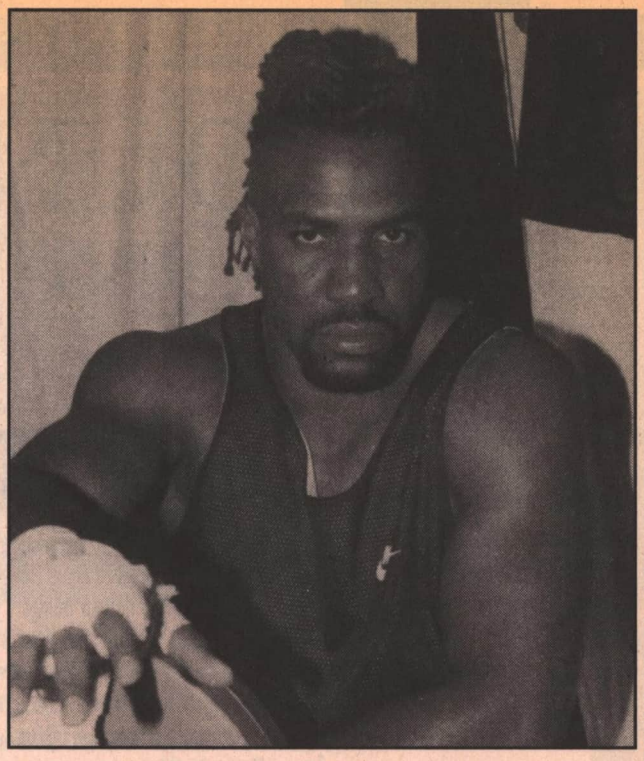


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Isn't an unbeaten fighter like Shannon Briggs more deserving of a shot at Mike Tyson than a Peter McNeeley? Briggs, 23-0 (18), has been brought along slowly, but seems ready to make a move toward contender status.

PROVE IT, PERNELL!

A fight I'd like to see: How about Frankie Randall vs. Pernell Whitaker? Randall, the WBA 140-pound champion, definitely has the quickness to catch the so-called best fighter, pound-for-pound, in the world, and the power to send the WBC welterweight champion to the canvas early. If Whitaker is really the best, why not prove it against a real fighter like "The Surgeon," and not someone like Gary Jacobs?

A battle between the only fighters to have beaten Julio Cesar Chavez would provide excitement for *real* boxing fans.

JASON ALCANTARA
Orlando, FL ■

ROUND ONE

BUSTER MATHIS, 1944-1995

Former heavyweight contender Buster Mathis, who was described by his former trainer, Joe Fariello, as "one of the nicest human beings I've ever met in boxing," deserved a better fate. On September 6, Mathis died of heart failure in his hometown of Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was 51.

Mathis is the father of USBA heavyweight champion Buster Mathis Jr. As we went to press, Buster Jr. was scheduled to face Mike Tyson on November 4 in Las Vegas.

Mathis had recently been slowed by a slew of health problems, including high blood pressure, diabetes, kidney failure, and a pair of strokes. He trained his son, but was unable to travel to fights or work corners.

The youngest of eight children, Mathis was born in Sledge, Mississippi. His family moved to Grand Rapids when he was an infant. By the age of 16, he scaled 275 pounds, and when he began boxing, he grew even bigger, maxing out at about 360. Mathis, who stood 6'3", was 315 pounds when he defeated Joe Frazier to secure a berth on the 1964 Olympic team. But in a pre-Olympics rematch with Frazier, he broke a finger on his right hand, and it was Smokin' Joe who went on to win the gold medal in Tokyo.

As big as he was, Mathis was particularly agile, and far more a boxer than knockout puncher. After nine pro bouts, Cus D'Amato took over as trainer, and Mathis trimmed down to 240 pounds. But after Mathis' management team decided D'Amato was being too cautious, the maverick trainer was released and replaced by Fariello.

In March 1968, Mathis, then 23-0 (17), again met Frazier, 19-0 (17), for the vacant New York State version of the world heavyweight title. Mathis faded late and suffered an 11th-round kayo defeat.

"For 10 rounds, I thought Buster did very well," said Fariello. "He ultimately failed because he fought a great fighter in Joe Frazier. The pressure Frazier put on you in those days was incredible.

"Mentally, the loss kind of ruined Buster. He lost a lot of confidence, and confidence wasn't his strength to begin with. It had kind of been manufactured."

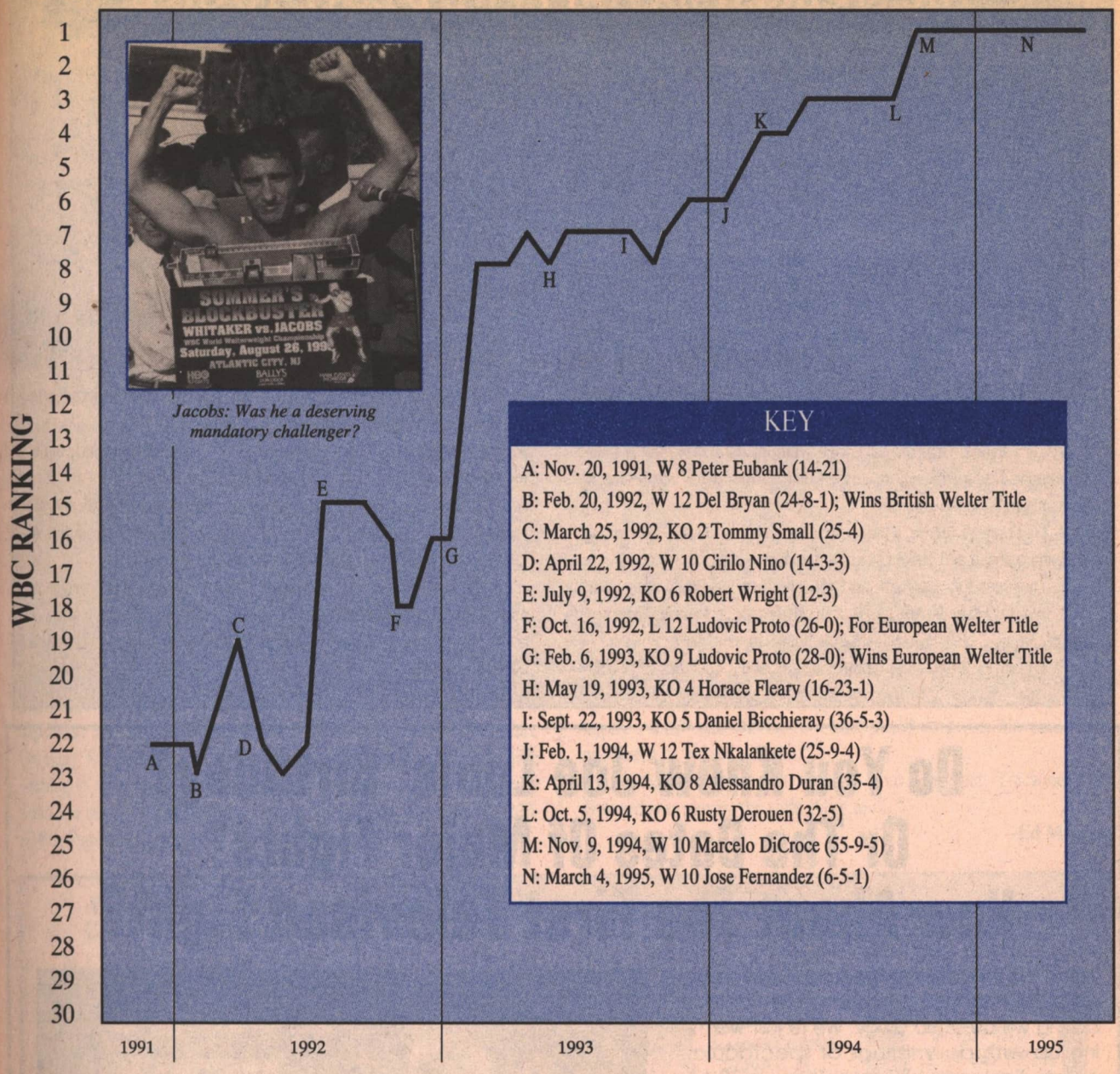
Mathis was never again a factor in the division. He defeated George Chuvalo in 1969 (W 12), but then fought as if uninterested in suffering consecutive losses to Jerry Quarry (L 12), Muhammad Ali (L 12), and in his final bout, Ron Lyle (KO by 7) in 1972. He finished with a pro mark of 30-4 (21).

"Buster had a very non-boxing personality," said Fariello, who remained friends with Mathis until the fighter's death. "He was very sensitive, and he got hurt very easily. He was just an easy-going guy, a real credit to boxing."

–Steve Farhood

THE MAKING (OR FAKING) OF A MANDATORY CONTENDER

Jacobs: Was he a deserving mandatory challenger?



KEY

A: Nov. 20, 1991, W 8 Peter Eubank (14-21)
B: Feb. 20, 1992, W 12 Del Bryan (24-8-1); Wins British Welter Title
C: March 25, 1992, KO 2 Tommy Small (25-4)
D: April 22, 1992, W 10 Cirilo Nino (14-3-3)
E: July 9, 1992, KO 6 Robert Wright (12-3)
F: Oct. 16, 1992, L 12 Ludovic Proto (26-0); For European Welter Title
G: Feb. 6, 1993, KO 9 Ludovic Proto (28-0); Wins European Welter Title
H: May 19, 1993, KO 4 Horace Fleary (16-23-1)
I: Sept. 22, 1993, KO 5 Daniel Bicchieray (36-5-3)
J: Feb. 1, 1994, W 12 Tex Nkalankete (25-9-4)
K: April 13, 1994, KO 8 Alessandro Duran (35-4)
L: Oct. 5, 1994, KO 6 Rusty Derouen (32-5)
M: Nov. 9, 1994, W 10 Marcelo DiCroce (55-9-5)
N: March 4, 1995, W 10 Jose Fernandez (6-5-1)

Ever wonder how a fringe contender secures a number-one ranking—and the mandatory title shot that comes with it? We do, *all the time*. With that in mind, we plan to occasionally chart the unlikely ascent of various fighters who land world championship bouts. This month: Scottish welterweight Gary Jacobs. In August, Jacobs fought gallantly in dropping a 12-round decision to WBC welterweight champion Pernell Whitaker. His effort aside, he didn't belong as the number-one contender. In fact, he wasn't ranked at all by THE RING. The accompanying graph and notes illustrate Jacobs' march to the top spot of the WBC ratings. (The records is parenthesis belong to the opponents *before* their fights vs. Jacobs.)

Said Whitaker's co-manager, Lou Duva, "I knew Jacobs was a tough fighter, but he hadn't fought anybody. It would've been nice if he had fought some credible names."

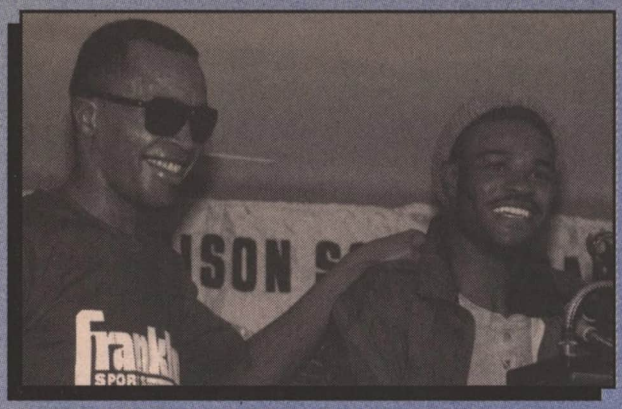
When asked why Jacobs went from being unrated to number one without defeating a top-10 contender, WBC Executive Secretary Eduardo Lamazon told us, "Gary Jacobs has a fine record as a long-term professional boxer, and before fighting for the WBC title, he confronted all the available opposition in Europe: Delroy Bryan, Ludovic Proto, Tex Nkalankete, Alessandro Duran, Marcelo DiCroce.

"We always try not to forget that the United States is not the whole world, although it is unquestionable that the United States has the best boxing in the world ... "

Note: Before reentering the WBC ratings in December 1991, Jacobs was 27-4. He had previously been dropped from the ratings after losing three of five fights from August 1989 to October 1990.

Next Month: Heavyweight Frans Botha

THE 10 CHRISTMAS GIFTS WE'D LOVE TO GIVE



For Sugar Ray, the Norris fight left some bad marks

10. To Frank Bruno and Bruce Seldon, *The Random House Dictionary*. Just a suggestion, guys: Look up the difference between the words *titlist* and *champion*.

9. To Tracy Patterson, a pair of platform shoes. Okay, Tracy, now you can go ahead and make Oscar De La Hoya's day.

8. To Sugar Ray Leonard, an 8x10 photo of your face after your 1991 loss to Terry Norris. *Still* want to consider fighting Marvin Hagler, Vinny Pazienza, Hector Camacho, or anyone else?

7. To Larry Holmes, the tapes of this season's episodes of *NYPD Blue*. Here's hoping you get hooked, big guy. Then you'll have something better to do on the second day of the week than bore us with your main-event appearances on *Tuesday Night Fights*.

6. To Julio Cesar Chavez, an introduction to Cal Ripken Jr. If you pay close attention, "J.C. Superstar," you can learn how to *legitimately* reach your milestone of 100 wins.

5. To Rupert Murdoch, a Harold Rossfields Smith-sized bank account. We'll do almost *anything*, you clever Fox, you, to help you keep major fights on free TV.

4. To Johnny Tapia, the phone number of Danny Romero. Go ahead, Johnny, drop a dime. Maybe you can do what Bob Arum's seemingly incapable of—making a fight with your crosstown rival.

3. To Jose Sulaiman, an angry letter from the world's boxing media: "Dear Jose, We demand to know why Eric 'Butterbean' Esch isn't the WBC's top-rated heavyweight ... " Try stuffing your stocking, or even stocking your stuffing, with *him*.

2. To Oliver McCall, a print of an Andy Warhol painting to remind you that your 15 minutes of fame is over. Just one question, Ollie: Has it sunk in yet that you lost to *Frank Bruno?*

1. To James Toney, a straitjacket to wear between your weigh-ins and fights. Actually, we're gonna stop picking on you. We know it ain't easy starving yourself to make weight when your mother runs a bakery.

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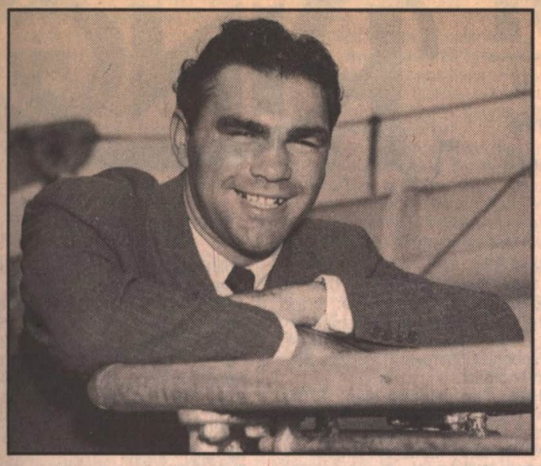
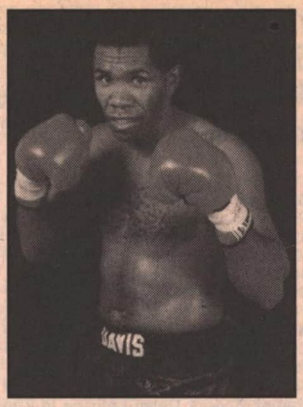


Former heavyweight champion Schmeling in 1937

In Van Nuys, California, two-division former champion **Bobby Chacon** was charged with selling cocaine. If convicted, he could face up to five years in prison ... Following the brain injuries suffered by 22-year-old Filipino **Fernando Piccio** in a lightweight bout in Brisbane, the Australian Medical Association renewed its call to ban boxing. As we went to press, Piccio, who collapsed in his dressing room following a seventh-round stoppage loss to **Selwyn Currie**, was in serious condition at Royal Brisbane Hospital ... Light heavyweight **Steve Powell**, 42, died in Columbia, South Carolina, of a heart attack. In 1991, Powell lost a four-round decision to **Mickey Rourke** in Rourke's pro debut ... On September 28, **Max Schmeling** celebrated his 90th birthday in Frankfurt, Germany. Schmeling is boxing's oldest living former world titlist. Those wishing to offer the former heavyweight champion belated congratulations can reach him at Stiftung Deutche Sporthilfe, Postfach 710220-60492, Frankfurt, Germany.

A SAMARITAN AS GOOD AS GOLD



Five years after Howard Davis Jr. won his gold medal at the 1976 Olympics, the prize was stolen from his Long Island home during a burglary. Some jewelry was recovered, but Davis cared only about the medal, which he associated with his mother, who had died during the Games.

"I never considered it mine," said the 39-year-old Davis, who is now campaigning as a middleweight. "I won it for her. I never thought that I'd see it again."

And he wouldn't have had it not been for an alert landscaper, Jake Fiesel, who found the medal while working on a Long Island parkway—10 years after it had been stolen. Fiesel had heard of the Davis story, but had been unable to track down the fighter. So the medal served as a paperweight until September, when Fiesel thought to call the sports department at Long Island *Newsday*, which passed the information to this writer, who in turn tracked down Davis.

Davis thanked Fiesel and presented him with tickets to an upcoming boxing card and a replica of the medal, which had been given to him by the International Olympic Committee. "I can't tell you how happy I am," said Davis. "I wish I could do more. He could have pawned it or melted it down."

Replied Fiesel, "I never would have done that. Tracking down Howard was simply the right thing to do."

–Ed Maloney

WHO WAS GONNA CASH IT, ANYWAY?

In a story reserved for *Boxing's Believe It Or Not*, former WBC heavyweight champion Oliver McCall was robbed at gunpoint in St. Louis, with the perpetrators making off with $400 in cash and a check for $1,405,238, the fighter's purse for his September bout vs. Frank Bruno.

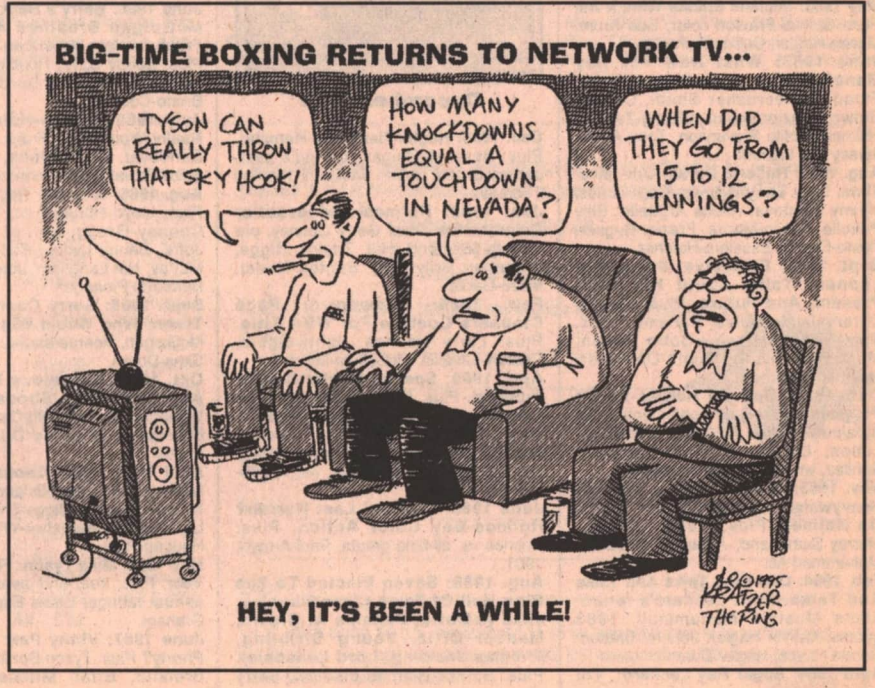
Police quickly arrested two of the suspects, but they were released when McCall said he didn't want to press charges.

THE PUNCHLINE

"Before he goes to heavyweight, tell [Roy Jones] to meet me at cruiserweight. If [Jones] had come along in the '80s as a middleweight, I'd have chewed him up and spit him out at the same time."

–Thomas Hearns, as quoted by the *Philadelphia Daily News*

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



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Feb. 1982: Special Holmes-Cooney Program Section. Plus: Irish boxers, Sean O'Grady, Ali, Pedroza-Ballas, Braxton-Muhammad, Pedroza-Sibaca, Sanchez-Cowdell, Best of The Ring Anthology.

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December 1984

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, boxing's best, James Broad, Julian Jackson, Pinklon Thomas.

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	☐ Dec/84	☐ Oct/86	☐ Nov/88	☐ Jun/91	☐ Feb/94
☐ Aug/81	**All 7 $28**	**All 10 $37**	**All 10 $37**	☐ Jul/91	☐ Mar/94
☐ Oct/81				☐ Aug/91	☐ Apr/94
	☐ Jan/85	☐ Apr/87	☐ Jan/89	☐ Oct/91	☐ May/94
☐ Feb/82	☐ Feb/85	☐ May/87	☐ Feb/89	☐ Dec/91	☐ Jun/94
☐ Aug/82	☐ Apr/85	☐ Jun/87	☐ Mar/89	**All 8 $31**	☐ Jul/94
	☐ May/85	☐ Jul/87	☐ May/89		☐ Aug/94
☐ Jan/83	☐ Jun/85	☐ Aug/87	**All 4 $18**	☐ Jan/92	☐ Sep/94
☐ Feb/83	☐ Aug/85	☐ Sep/87		☐ Jul/92	☐ Oct/94
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☐ May/83	☐ Oct/85	☐ Nov/87	☐ Feb/90	☐ Sep/92	☐ Dec/94
☐ Jun/83	☐ Nov/85	☐ Dec/87	☐ Mar/90	☐ Oct/92	☐ Wint/94
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☐ Nov/83	☐ Jan/86	☐ Feb/88	☐ Jul/90	☐ Mar/93	☐ Jan/95
All 9 $34	☐ Feb/86	☐ Mar/88	☐ Aug/90	☐ Apr/93	☐ Feb/95
	☐ Mar/86	☐ Apr/88	☐ Sep/90	☐ Jun/93	☐ Mar/95
☐ Feb/84	☐ Apr/86	☐ May/88	☐ Dec/90	☐ Aug/93	☐ Apr/95
☐ Apr/84	☐ May/86	☐ Jun/88	**All 10 $37**	☐ Oct/93	☐ May/95
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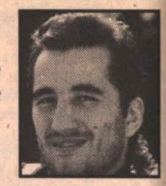
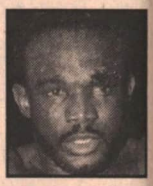
THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended October 6, 1995

Anaclet Wamba
Cruiserweight

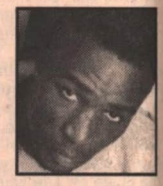


Fabrice Tiozzo
Light Heavyweight



Bryant Brannon
Super Middleweight

Julio Cesar Chavez
Junior Welterweight



Ancee Gedeon
Bantamweight

Chiquita Gonzalez
Junior Flyweight

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Fort Washington, MD *37-1*
2. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Atlanta, GA *32-2*
3. **MIKE TYSON**
   Southington, OH *42-1*
4. **GEORGE FOREMAN**
   Houston, TX *74-4*
5. **MICHAEL MOORER**
   Detroit, MI *36-1*
6. **LENNOX LEWIS**
   England *27-1*
7. **BRUCE SELDON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *33-3 (WBA Champ)*
8. **FRANK BRUNO**
   England *41-4 (WBC Champ)*
9. **OLIVER McCALL**
   Chicago, IL *26-6*
10. **TOMMY MORRISON**
    Jay, OK *45-2-1*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **AL COLE**
   Spring Valley, NY *27-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NATE MILLER**
   Philadelphia, PA *25-4 (WBA Champ)*
3. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON**
   Lexington, KY *24-3-2*
4. **ANACLET WAMBA**
   France *45-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
5. **SERGEI KOBOZEV**
   Brooklyn, NY *22-0*
6. **TORSTEN MAY**
   Germany *11-0*
7. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ**
   Argentina *18-1-1 (WBC Interim Champ)*
8. **THOMAS HEARNS**
   Detroit, MI *55-4-1*
9. **PATRICE AOUSSI**
   France *15-0*
10. **KENNY KEENE**
    Emmett, ID *32-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **VIRGIL HILL**
   Bismarck, ND *41-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **HENRY MASKE**
   Germany *27-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **FABRICE TIOZZO**
   France *32-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **MONTELL GRIFFIN**
   Chicago, IL *17-0*
5. **JAMES TONEY**
   Ann Arbor, MI *48-2-2*
6. **MERQUI SOSA**
   New York, NY *25-4-2*
7. **MIKE McCALLUM**
   Brooklyn, NY *48-3-1*
8. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI**
   Germany *28-0*
9. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI**
   Germany *37-2-1*
10. **MICHAEL NUNN**
    Davenport, IA *46-3*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES**
   Pensacola, FL *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NIGEL BENN**
   England *42-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS**
   Ireland *30-3*
4. **FRANK LILES**
   N. Hollywood, CA *27-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **TIM LITTLES**
   Flint, MI *26-1*
6. **CHRIS EUBANK**
   England *43-2-2*
7. **VINNY PAZIENZA**
   Cranston, RI *40-6*
8. **BRYANT BRANNON**
   Trenton, NJ *15-0*
9. **SUGARBOY MALINGA**
   South Africa *40-9*
10. **HENRY WHARTON**
    England *21-2-1*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **QUINCY TAYLOR**
   Dallas, TX *26-3 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JORGE CASTRO**
   Argentina *97-4-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
   Philadelphia, PA *27-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
   Seattle, WA *33-1*
5. **REGGIE JOHNSON**
   Houston, TX *35-4-1*
6. **JOE LIPSEY**
   Lansing, MI *25-0*
7. **DANA ROSENBLATT**
   Malden, MA *25-0*
8. **LONNIE BRADLEY**
   New York, NY *22-0*
9. **JULIAN JACKSON**
   Virgin Islands *51-4*
10. **RICHIE WOODHALL**
    England *19-0*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *40-6 (WBC Champ)*
2. **PAUL VADEN**
   San Diego, CA *24-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *54-2*
4. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *34-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *27-1*
6. **VERNO PHILLIPS**
   New York, NY *25-5-1*
7. **VINCENT PETTWAY**
   Baltimore, MD *38-5-1*
8. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *60-1*
9. **ANDREW COUNCIL**
   Lanham, MD *23-3-3*
10. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
    France *29-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *36-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *26-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *30-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *35-1*
5. **CRISANTO ESPANA**
   N. Ireland *31-1*
6. **DERRELL COLEY**
   Capitol Heights, MD *27-1-2*
7. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *21-0-1*
8. **VINCE PHILLIPS**
   Las Vegas, NV *32-1*
9. **EAMONN LOUGHRAN**
   Ireland *25-1-1*
10. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
    Orlando, FL *54-3*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *52-3-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *15-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *95-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *39-20-4*
5. **JUAN COGGI**
   Argentina *69-3-2*
6. **JAKE RODRIGUEZ**
   Brentwood, NY *28-3-2*
7. **SAMMY FUENTES**
   Hermosa Beach, CA *31-13-1*
8. **DAVID KAMAU**
   Los Angeles, CA *26-1*
9. **JAN BERGMAN**
   South Africa *27-0*
10. **KHALID RAHILOU**
    France *25-2*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *19-0*
2. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *38-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *21-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *43-2*
5. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *16-0*
6. **PHILIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *25-0 (IBF Champ)*
7. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *37-4*
8. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *18-0*
9. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *23-1-1*
10. **LAMAR MURPHY**
    Miami, FL *18-1*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *41-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *32-1-1*
3. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *53-3-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX *30-1-2*
5. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *39-3-1*
6. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *21-1*
7. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *22-0*
8. **VICTOR HUGO PAZ**
   Argentina *55-1-1*
9. **ED HOPSON**
   St. Louis, MO *26-1*
10. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
    Kazakhstan *24-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *40-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *51-6 (WBC Champ)*
3. **ALEJANDRO GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *37-3*
4. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *20-0*
5. **ELOY ROJAS**
   Venezuela *32-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *30-1*
7. **MIGUEL ARROZAL**
   Portland, OR *25-5*
8. **DERRICK GAINER**
   Pensacola, FL *14-3*
9. **STEVE ROBINSON**
   Wales *21-10-1*
10. **CHICO CASTILLO**
    Los Angeles, CA *19-0*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *38-0*
2. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *28-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **HECTOR ACERO-SANCHEZ**
   New York, NY *32-2-3 (WBC Champ)*
4. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *28-1-1*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *22-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX *41-2-1*
7. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *50-7-3*
8. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *36-2*
9. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *18-0*
10. **JESUS SALUD**
    Waianae, HI *50-6*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *17-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *17-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **YASUEI YAKUSHIJI**
   Japan *24-3-1*
4. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *35-2*
5. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *13-7-1*
6. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-0 (WBA Champ)*
7. **ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *29-1*
8. **AL KOTEY**
   England *20-1*
9. **JOICHIRO TATSUYOSHI**
   Japan *11-2-1*
10. **DAORUNG MP PETROLEUM**
    Thailand *55-5-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *17-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *30-0-2*
4. **JULIO BORBOA**
   Mexico *24-6*
5. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *12-0 (WBA Champ)*
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-5*
7. **CECILIO ESPINO**
   Huntington Park, CA *31-3-1*
8. **DAVID GRIMAN**
   Venezuela *21-2*
9. **RICARDO VARGAS**
   Mexico *20-4-3*
10. **ARTHUR JOHNSON**
    Cahokia, IL *11-3*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *21-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *26-1*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *22-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *25-1 (IBF Champ)*
5. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *29-3-2*
6. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *39-5-1*
7. **HIROKI IOKA**
   Japan *29-5*
8. **FRANCISCO TEJEDOR**
   Colombia *42-3*
9. **ENRIQUE OROZCO**
   Mexico *29-4-1*
10. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
    Thailand *20-1*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *26-2-1 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **CHIQUITA GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-3*
3. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *37-2*
4. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *45-4-4*
6. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *29-2*
7. **LEO GAMEZ**
   Venezuela *28-4-1*
8. **ERIC GRIFFIN**
   Jasper, TN *15-2*
9. **YUICHI HOSONO**
   Japan *22-3-1*
10. **JESUS CHONG**
    Mexico *28-6*

POUND-FOR-POUND

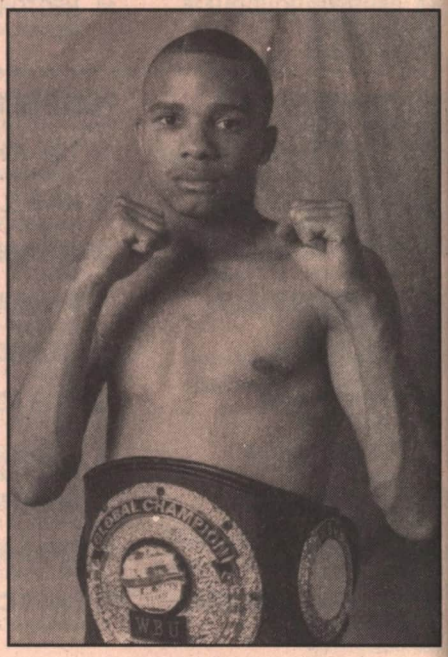
1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
2. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
3. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
4. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Lightweight
5. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
6. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Junior Welterweight
7. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Flyweight
8. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
9. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Heavyweight
10. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
    Junior Featherweight

NEW FACES

ARISTEAD CLAYTON

Junior Featherweight

By Charlie Bier



Among other reasons, a professional fighter sweats and bleeds to make money, whether it be in the form of meager club purses or huge championship paydays. It is ironic, then, that fighters with financial sense are about as common as fans who can name all of the sport's governing bodies. Tales of boxers who have squandered earnings in any number of ill-advised ways have floated around the fight game since before the Marquis of Queensberry drafted the rules of the modern era. From great champions like Joe Louis to the most anonymous of pugs, professional boxers have been notoriously poor managers of money.

One fighter who plans to sidestep such economic woes is Baker, Louisiana, junior featherweight Aristead Clayton, who plans to parlay his fistic skills into a pile of money, and then apply his fiscal skills to keep that money.

"I know there's a lot of money to be made in boxing, and I've heard a lot of stories about boxers getting cheated out of their money and being broke when they finished boxing, so I wanted to learn as much as I could about investing and how to keep up with my finances," he explained.

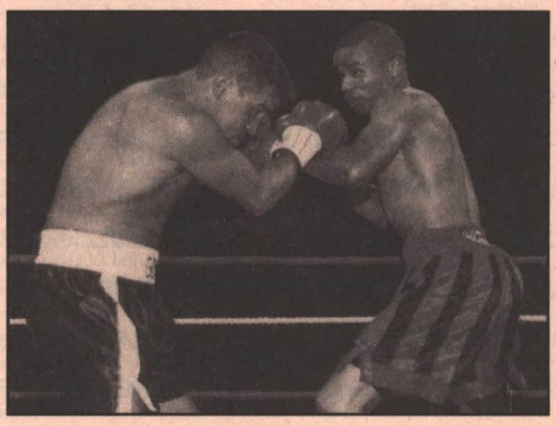
The 25-year-old prospect has done just that. After earning an accounting degree from Southern University in 1993, where he also competed on the track team, Clayton landed a job as Baker City Treasurer and has established himself as a competent city employee.

"Aristead was the best candidate for the job," said Baker Mayor Bobby Simpson. "We hired him because we felt he could do the best job, and he has done that so far."

He also has done quite a job in the ring.

On an ESPN-televised card in which Clayton, boxing in his first 12-rounder, picked apart rugged veteran Alejandro Sanabria, Al Bernstein, the network's boxing analyst, noted,

(Continued on page 60)



Clayton flaunts his skills vs. Roland Gomez

PRO RECORD

1993		
Nov. 30	Bobby Wright, Pensacola, FL	KO 1
Dec. 22	Emilio Gonzales, Biloxi, MS	KO 4
1994		
Jan. 20	Martin Llovera, Biloxi	KO 3
April 8	David Bustos, Baker, LA	KO 1
June 2	Antonio Carter, Baker	KO 5
July 8	Roy Simpson, Biloxi	W 6
July 23	Jaime Olvera, Baton Rouge, LA	KO 3
Oct. 13	Manuel Sepeda, Shreveport, LA	W 6
Nov. 18	Jaime Ruiz, Baker	KO 6
1995		
Jan. 28	Sam Jones, Bossier City, LA	KO 4
March 14	Horacio Ramirez, Bay St. Louis, MS	KO 3
May 7	Eddie Rangel, Biloxi	W 10
July 28	Alejandro Sanabria, Bay St. Louis	W 12
Sept. 8	Roland Gomez, New Orleans:	W 10

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
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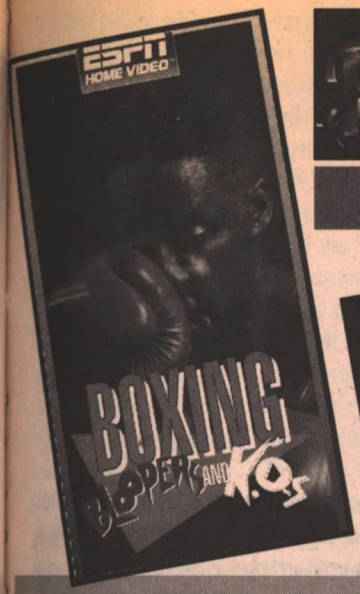

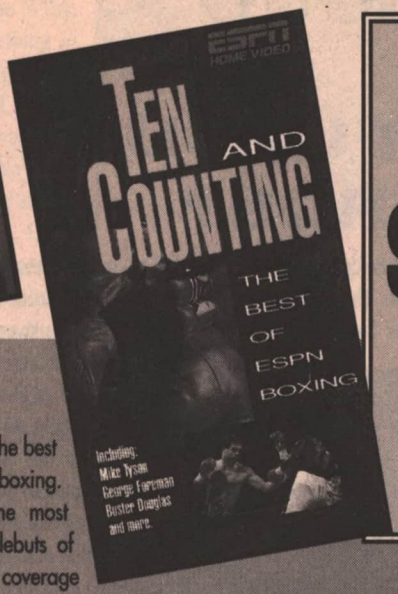

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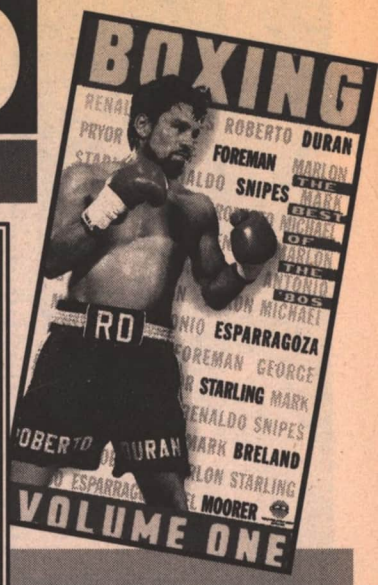

TEN AND COUNTING: THE BEST OF ESPN BOXING
This new release from ESPN captures the best moments from 10 years of ESPN boxing. You'll see outstanding matchups, the most exciting rounds, and the television debuts of Mike Tyson and Buster Douglas. Plus coverage of George Foreman's comeback, Bobby Czyz, and much more. **45 minutes**

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Host Al Bernstein takes you on a tour through the bizarre and hard-hitting world of boxing. This fast-paced video includes high-powered knockout action and the wackiest bloopers ever to be captured on video. Also includes interviews with Hagler, Holmes, Frazier, and Holyfield. **30 minutes**

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You'll have a ringside seat for two of the best fights in the history of the sport as Sugar Ray Leonard and Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns go to war. Both fights (September 16, 1981, and June 12, 1989) are shown in their entirety. Included with this video is a scorecard and a special poster offer. **127 minutes**

BEST OF THE '80s—VOLUME 1
This hard-hitting video provides an in-depth look at the best peak-action footage of Roberto Duran, George Foreman, Mark Breland, Antonio Esparragoza, Michael Moorer, Marlon Starling, and Renaldo Snipes. **53 minutes**

BEST OF THE '80s—VOLUME 2
This exciting followup to Volume 1 includes ring action of Tim Witherspoon, George Foreman, Aaron Pryor, Roberto Duran, Leslie Stewart, Larry Holmes, and Bobby Czyz. **51 minutes**

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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

THEIR UNJUST REWARDS?

Don't try to tell me that boxing is a cruel, heartless business that has no regard for any participant's life, liberty, or pursuit of happiness. The evidence, in case you haven't noticed, suggests otherwise. Not that long ago, we were calling boxing The Sweet Science. Now it has become the sweetheart science, one big alphabet soup kitchen that is determined—come hell or Guy Waters—to make every one of its tired, its talent-poor, and its hulking masses feel just like a king someday.

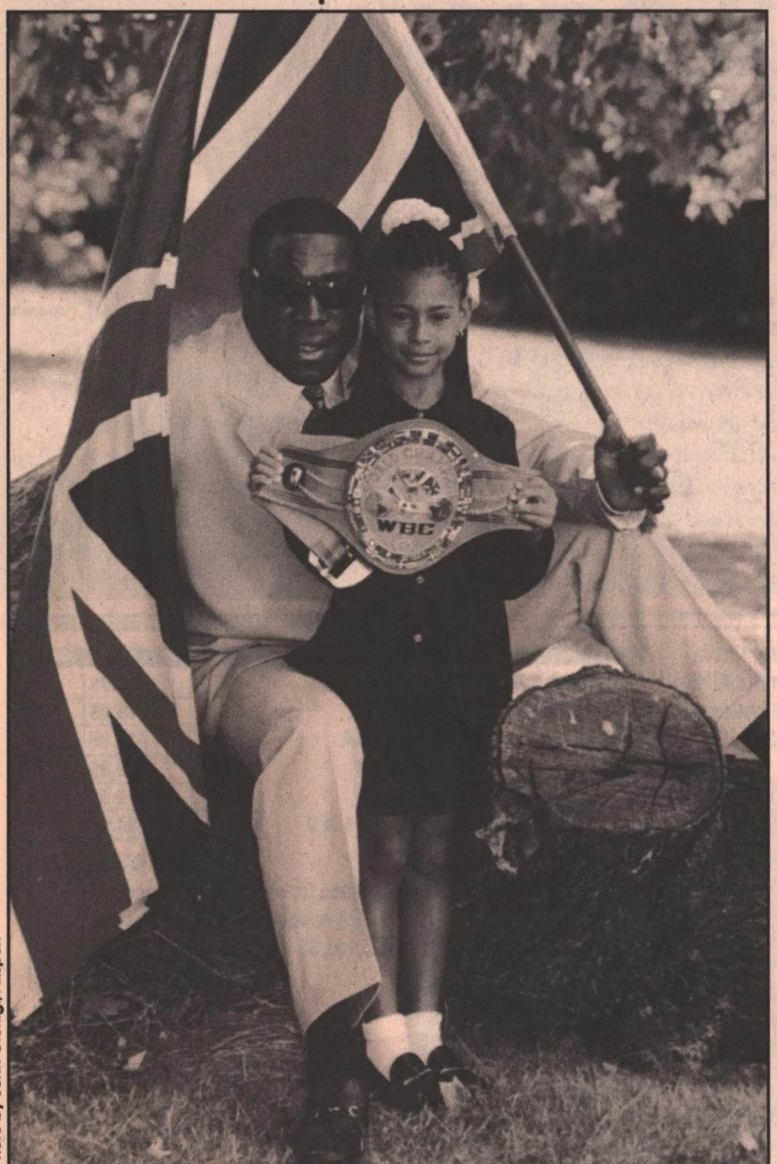


Photo by John Gichigi/Allsport

*If **Frank Bruno** can win a world title belt, who's to say his daughter, Rachel, won't someday match the accomplishment? A world championship, once a privilege, has become a right.*

Throughout the '80s and early-'90s, as one mediocre fighter after another waved a jeweled belt and new ruling bodies sprouted like crabgrass in the cracks of a parking lot, it was clear that a boxing world championship was decreasing in value with every passing year. But it wasn't until Frank Bruno lifted the WBC heavyweight crown from Oliver McCall, and Axel Schulz and Frans Botha signed to fight for the vacant IBF title, that it became apparent that a world championship is no longer a privilege, but a right. These days, everybody gets one. Hang around the dock long enough, and your ship, sailboat, dinghy, or makeshift raft (depending upon which organization's belt you capture) will eventually come in.

What a great job, huh? We should all be lucky enough to work in an industry that practically guarantees its employees will one day reach the very top. Suppose every journalist was certain to win a Pulitzer Prize, every actor on TV was assured an Emmy, and every kid with a pointy paper hat who said, "And would you like any fries with those fries?" knew he would eventually get his place on the wall as a McDonald's Employee of the Month. Wouldn't the world be a happier place? There would be no time for man to show his inhumanity to man. We'd all be too busy congratulating each other.

For a while, yours truly, who is truly taken back by the thought that Frank Bruno is being called "champ" by someone in a restaurant or airport at this very moment, thought this Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance method of title distribution was some sort of carefully calculated scheme, its goal being a deepening of the game's talent pool. Perhaps the masterminds of this plot concluded the best way to lure gifted athletes who couldn't decide which pro sport to pursue was to convince them that every boxer becomes a champion eventually. If the kid looked around within the last year and saw Bruno, George Foreman, and Luis Santana wearing belts, wouldn't he choose to throw punches instead of screen pass-

es? Maybe the NFL's Pittsburgh Steelers couldn't promise a title, but the WBC's Mexico City Stealers certainly could.

This conspiracy theory briefly seemed to make sense, but then it came apart faster than Lou Duva does whenever one of his fighters gets a bad decision. While I didn't doubt for a second that the grand poobahs of the WBA, WBC, and IBF could concoct something so twisted, it dawned on me that they probably wouldn't have been able to pull it off without the help of the WBF, WBO, WBU, and IBC, too. And to assure that the media didn't pick up on it, the conspiracy would have had to include ABC, CBS, NBC, PBS, USA, CNN, TNT, and HBO. As a matter of fact, the tentacles of a plot so elaborate that it included everything from Santana beating Terry Norris twice on disqualification, to Bruno standing upright for 12 rounds of an important fight, to Foreman belting out Michael Moorer, may have reached even further than that.

Think about it: Who *really* planted that bloody glove on Moorer's chin in the 10th round?

Foreman?

Or Fuhrman?

Maybe I've grown too weary of hearing the same old explanations for boxing's problems. Why does virtually everyone get to wear a crown these days? Parity, sure, and more titles than a Vinny Pazienza can shake a schtick at. But I think it is more than just that. There are two overlooked factors that have been gradually changing the title landscape for years, changing it to the point where three or four successful title defenses today is considered a dynasty.

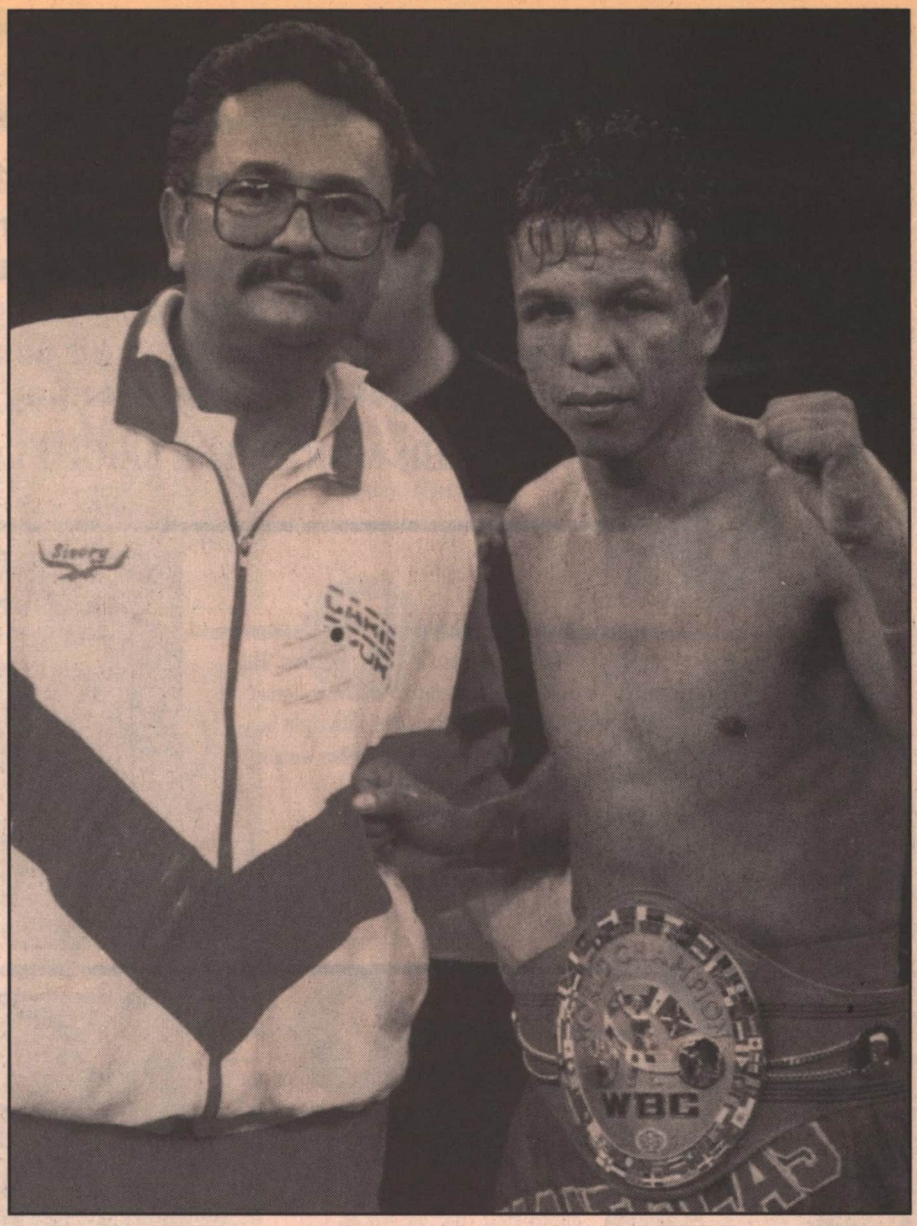


Photo by Tom Hogan

Should Manuel Medina, shown with manager Nacho Huizar, have been given a close decision over defending WBC featherweight titlist Alejandro Gonzalez? Winning a title on points isn't as tough as it used to be.

The first factor is the judges' willingness to award close fights to the challenger, a practice that was virtually unheard of 20 years ago. The breakthrough moment in scoring generosity may have come in 1985, when Michael Spinks dethroned heavyweight king Larry Holmes on a squeaker. Suddenly, you didn't have to dominate a champion—even the most important champion of them all—to win a crown. You merely had to outfight him a little bit. Today, the Brunos get the benefit of the close calls against the McCalls, and the Manuel Medinas are allowed to slide past the Alejandro Gonzalezes and onto the throne. Jimmy Young and Ken Norton were never so lucky.

Factor Number Two has something to do with the defense resting—far too much. Most of the current champions and recently dethroned ex-titlists couldn't stop a punch if you gave them a computer printout of its flight plan. Defense isn't taught anymore, and it's practiced about as much as bunting is practiced in a Major League baseball batting cage. There is a reason Julio Cesar Chavez, Pernell Whitaker, and Virgil Hill have been champions for so long, and it's not because they hit like Mike Tyson. There is a reason Roberto Duran, despite almost 30 years as a pro, is virtually unmarked. And there is a reason why Chavez, Whitaker, Hill, and Duran are considered rarities. When I asked Eddie Futch why he thought today's fighters, by and large, were inferior to their counterparts of yesteryear, he said two words to me: "Poor defense."

Maybe one of the best ideas for raising money for a fighter's pension plan would be instituting a boxing lottery. Ten bucks a ticket, on sale at all fight cards in Nevada. It would work something like this: Each player selects the names of the fighters he or she expects will be the next new champions. (The names of everybody in THE RING's top 10 would be included since each of those guys will be crowned sooner or later.) If you select, say, Bronco McKart, or the trifecta of Reggie Tuur-Sergei Kobozev-Shane Mosley, and it comes up next, you're a winner!

It would be a great chance to earn some spending money for the gift shop at the MGM Grand, as well as help all those old fighters who are busted and disgusted. Fighters who were born too soon. Born in the days when a boxing title was a torch that wasn't easily passed, not a baton in a relay race. ■

THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE

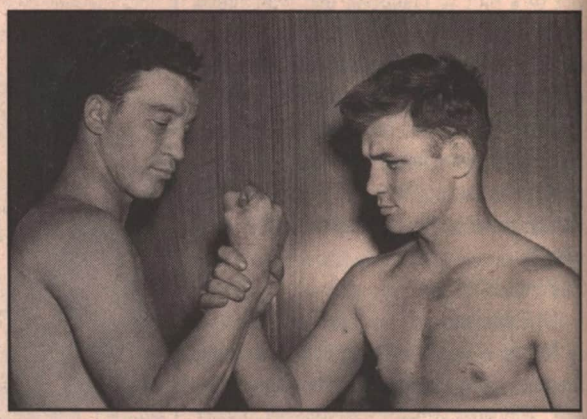
PHOTO QUIZ TEST

Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

THIS MONTH: THE BRIGHT LIGHTWEIGHTS

1

Freddie Archer needn't have worried; his opponent was far more a boxer than puncher. The fighter on the left, a native of New Jersey, failed in his only try for world lightweight honors, but became a champion at another weight.



2

This Mexican banger was world champion for 1½ years in the '70s. Appreciative of his efforts is actress Connie Stevens.

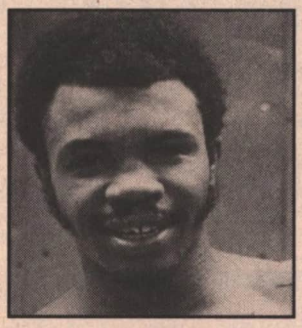
3

This lightweight contended for the title in the late-'50s and early-'60s, but failed in a pair of bids for the world crown. He's shown pounding number-one contender Kenny Lane in 1964.

YOUR BOXING IQ

4

THE RING's definition of bad luck: a lightweight whose prime coincides with the reign of the great Roberto Duran. This 135-pounder challenged "Hands Of Stone," suffering a brutal kayo defeat.

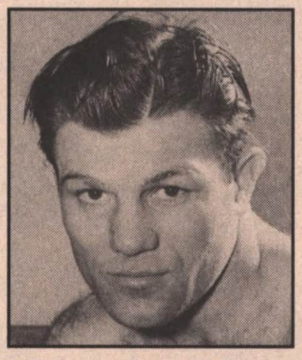


5

Chicago has produced its share of tough lightweights. This banger got his shot in 1979, but was kayoed by Ernesto Espana.

6

If it wasn't for this lightweight champion, Willie Pep would've gone undefeated in his first 137 fights. The fighter in question also defeated Lew Jenkins, Bob Montgomery, and Ike Williams.

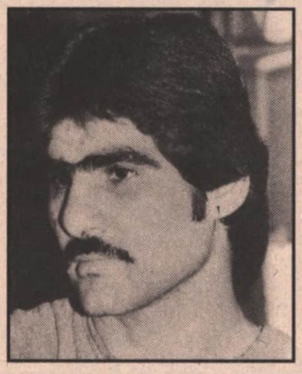


7

Though never a world champion, this 135-pounder is acknowledged as the first great fighter from Puerto Rico. In his only world title try, he lost a decision on one of the greatest fight cards in history.

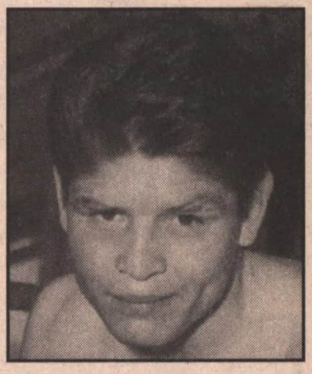
8

This Texan was a big puncher, but apparently not as big as the two world champions he faced, Alexis Arguello and Edwin Rosario.



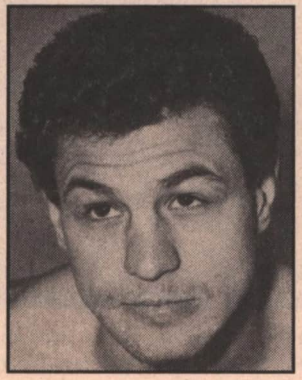
9

Imagine engaging in three world title fights against the same opponent in a seven-month period. This tough guy from the early-'50s lost the first bout, won the second, and then held the title five months before losing it back.



10

Though never a world champion, this golden lightweight was among the most popular fighters in the history of Southern California. His only try at the title came in 1951.



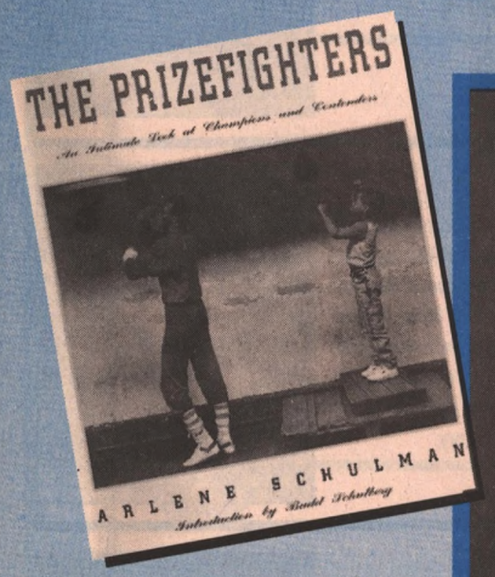
ANSWERS:

1) Tippy Larkin
2) Rodolfo Gonzalez
3) Dave Charnley
4) Ray Lampkin
5) Johnny Lira
6) Sammy Angott
7) Pedro Montanez
8) Robert Elizondo
9) Lauro Salas
10) Art Aragon

THE PRIZEFIGHTERS

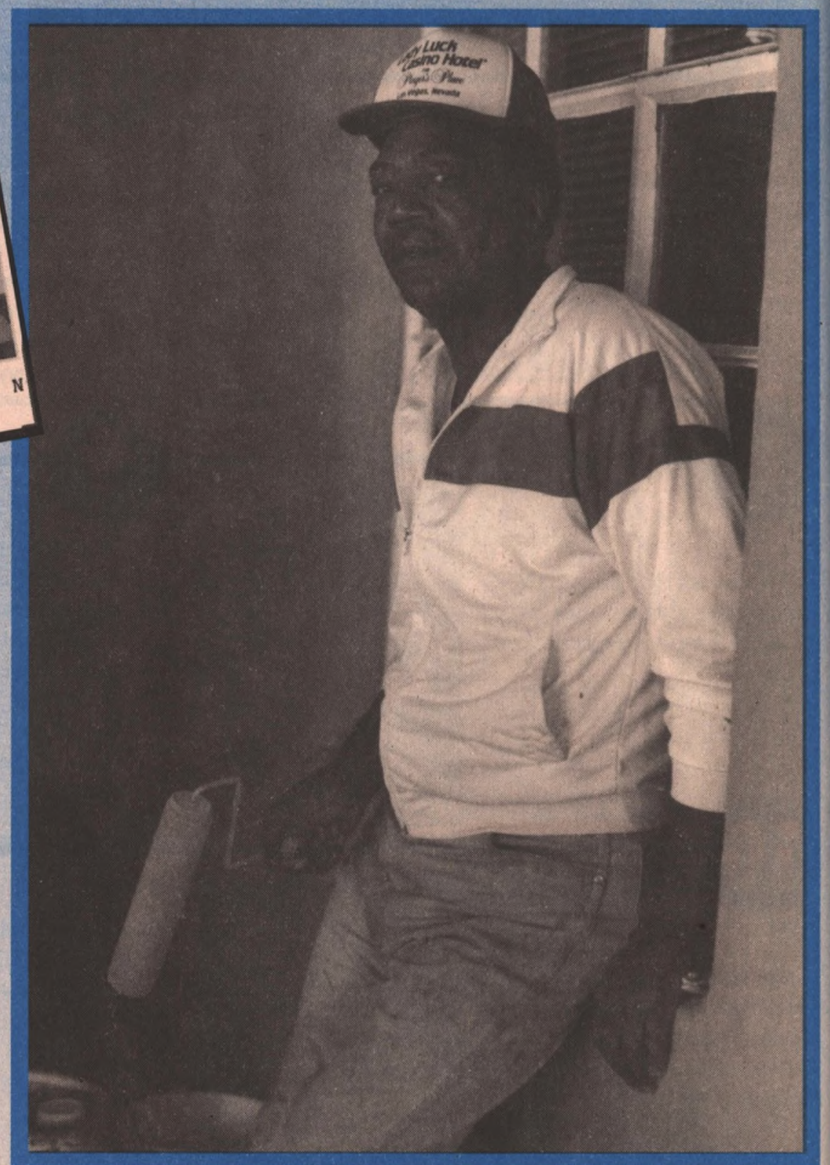
The Final Round

Photos & Text by Arlene Schulman

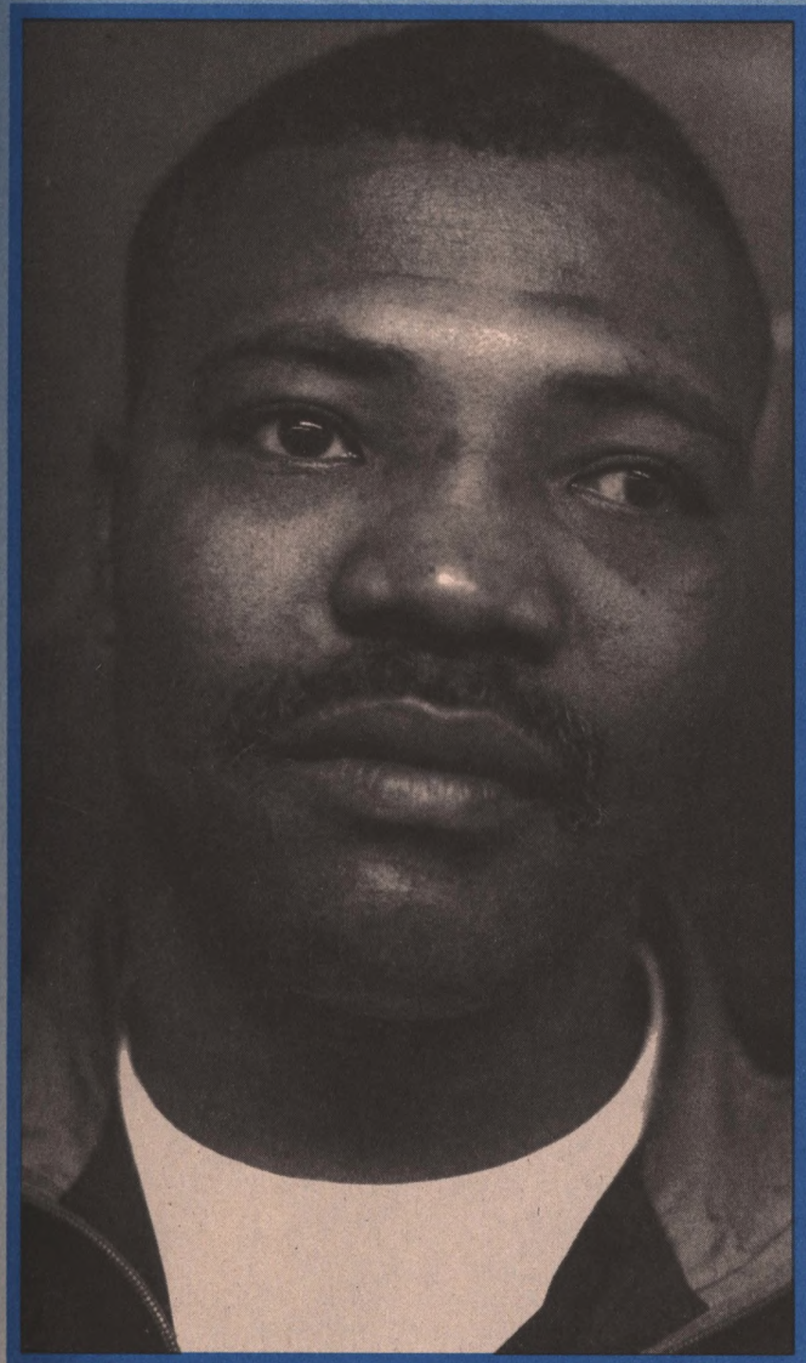


Editor's Note: In 1994, Lyons & Burford published ***The Prizefighters,*** *photojournalist Arlene Schulman's critically acclaimed look at boxers and the world of boxing. With the permission of the author and publisher,* THE RING *is reprinting portions of the last chapter, "The Final Round," in two segments. This is the second installment.*

For Bob Foster, the transition from champion to mortal was easier. He won the world light heavyweight title back in 1968; Foster, taller than most of his opponents, kept luring them in with his left hand, then setting them up with a right hand or left hook. He completely dominated the light heavyweight division and retired in 1978. Born and raised in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the father of four and grandfather of 11 retired again, this time as a deputy sheriff, in December 1993, after spending 22 years with the Albuquerque Police Department. Foster patrolled the streets, investigated armed robberies as a detective, and escorted fugitives arrested on warrants. He joined the police department in 1971, seven years before he retired from boxing. "I always did have a job," he said. "My mother always taught me—you always keep yourself a job. You got to learn to save."



Sheriff Bob Foster worked in law enforcement even as he was dominating the light heavyweight division. "My mother always taught me," he said, "you always keep yourself a job."



Aaron Pryor found his drug addiction a much tougher opponent than any of the junior welterweights he faced in the ring. "The Hawk" admits he would still love to make one more comeback.

Foster is repainting the outside of the house a bright blue, and has just added a front porch. He inspects for leaks, running his hand over the damp windowsill. At 56, he is still tall, trim, and rangy. His house is comfortable, filled with recliners, sofas, photos, and knickknacks.

"I enjoyed the sport of boxing," Foster said. "I just loved getting into the ring and outsmarting the next guy. I never valued money–$250,000 was good money for a championship fight in the '60s and '70s. This was before Top Rank, before TV. Some guys make so much money that it's tough for them to go back where they came from."

***

Alexis Arguello went right back to where he came from: Nicaragua. He never had trouble making weight; he was a fierce technician who would wait for his opponent to make a mistake. "I don't miss nothing. If I were born again, I would do the same thing." Arguello made his name against Aaron Pryor, first in 1982, and again the following year. "I never thought I would live through it. Pryor was 27, I was 31—there was a big difference. I was the best on this earth," he recalled.

Formerly a WBA featherweight and WBC super featherweight champion, and then the WBC lightweight champion, Arguello attempted to win his fourth title, the WBA junior welterweight, against Pryor, a tireless fighter with incredible stamina. Each round was hard-fought. Pryor sat in his corner in the 14th round and drank from his water bottle, coming out when the bell rang as if it were the first round. The fight was stopped with Arguello on the canvas.

Some thought there was an illegal substance in the water bottle; Pryor claimed there wasn't. In their rematch in 1983, Arguello was knocked out in the 10th round, proving that Pryor's victory was no fluke. "He had the youth, strength, and speed that I didn't have anymore," Arguello

said. He retired in 1986 after 86 bouts, after doctors discovered a heart condition.

"When I had a heart problem, I realized it was over. It was hard. I called my kids and said, 'I'm done.' I didn't have the desire or the conditioning. This is God's decision," he affirmed. "It has to happen sooner or later."

Arguello could have stayed in Miami, but he returned to Nicaragua to fight to get his houses and property back from the Sandinistas. A brother—one of Nicaragua's Freedom Fighters—was killed, and Arguello joined the battle briefly. He is now a champion of his people.

Arguello travels between Nicaragua and Miami, where he owns a 34-unit apartment building and a hardware store. "With Nicaragua, we're trying to fix the whole country. I don't want to be a politician. I tell my people, 'The day you see me as a politician, spit in my face.' I don't believe in guns."

Arguello is rail-thin, his eyes and his words weighty with passion. "The best way is to speak to the people. I go everywhere. The Sandinistas were supposed to set up a democratic system. President Violeta Chamorro—she's a nice lady who knows nothing about politics. She's being manipulated. I am just a man who loves my country and who wants Nicaraguans to live under one roof. Radio show, TV show, I have the tools to get to my people. The presidential elections are in 1996—I hope I'll be a part of it. I would love to an ambassador.

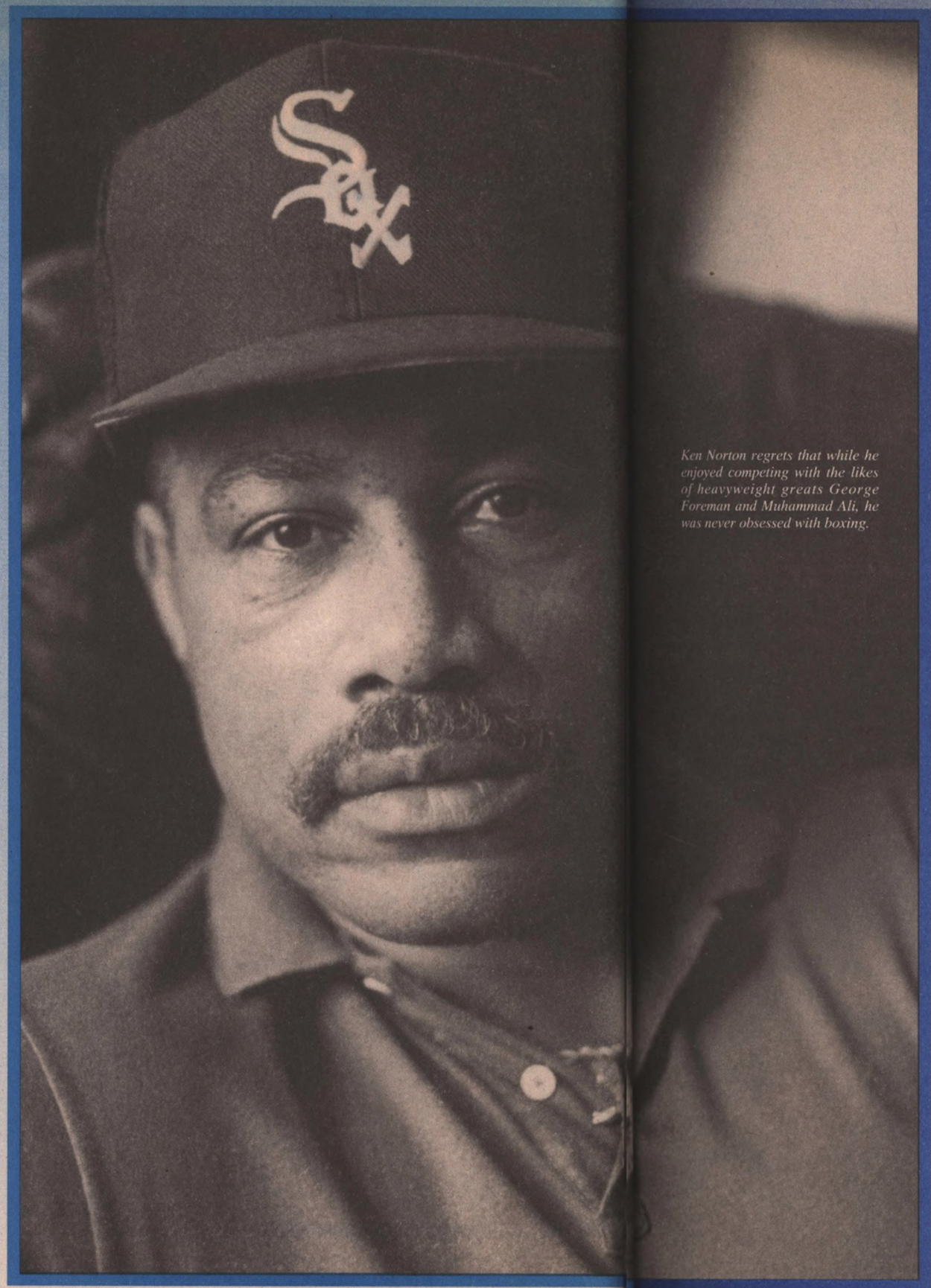
"I've been receiving death threats. Dying for my country is a blessing. I'm not afraid to die for my country. I expect it to happen. It's what we can do for the damn country. We need to take care of future generations," Arguello said fervently. "I've seen people who have gotten killed. I want to take the evil out of the country. In 1980, the Sandinistas took my farm, my houses, my cars, 90 acres of land, and a half-million dollars from the bank."

Arguello has given his boxing mementos to his friends. "It doesn't mean anything to me. I don't have anything but the belts," he said. The belts are in his home in Nicaragua. "Only to me, this means so much. The belts are worth 25 cents, but to me it's personal. I know what they mean."

[Editor's note: In August 1994, Arguello returned to the ring. He lost his second comeback bout and hasn't indicated whether he intends to continue boxing.]

***

Pryor, Arguello's former nemesis, rose, crashed, and burned. Pryor turned pro in 1976, and moved up quickly. In his first shot at the WBA junior welterweight title in 1980, he knocked out Antonio Cervantes. Pryor held the title through eight defenses, including his two victories over Arguello, until the end of 1983. In a dispute with his manager, Pryor announced his retirement and gave up his belt to break the contract. The IBF named him its champion a month later. He defended his title twice. Then eye problems—a complete tear of the retina in one eye, and cataracts in both eyes—forced him to retire in 1985. He fought off and on until 1990, in states that somehow declared him fit to box.



Ken Norton regrets that while he enjoyed competing with the likes of heavyweight greats George Foreman and Muhammad Ali, he was never obsessed with boxing.

Pryor can see you best if you stand back a few feet. His eyes drift to the side; his left eye squints when he is tired, and his voice trails off at the end of sentences. "When I wear the contact lens, my eye is back straight," said Pryor, 39.

"I'm seeing bleary, yeah. I'll be able to see everything in front of me. I can see anything but the newspaper. I can see the whole newspaper without my contact; I just can't read it."

Although it would be difficult for him to obtain a license to box in the United States because of his eyesight, Pryor says that he is contemplating a comeback. "I would fight Chavez in Mexico or Camacho in Puerto Rico. I would come back for that. I'm not going to fight a $2 fight. For a million, a half a million, I would do it. Boxing is a part of you. When something is part of you, only Mother Nature can tell you what to do. It has to take its course. It's a combination of money and to see if I can do it. Larry Holmes, George Foreman, even Sugar Ray Leonard came back for a few. We have a bunch of idols doing it. I would take the chance. Eight states would license me.

"We're talking about different countries, fighting their hero. I retired undefeated. [Actually, he lost to Bobby Joe Young in 1987.] I want to know how far I could have went."

"He had to retire because of drugs. He was drained, he was super-drained," said Pryor's friend, the Rev. H. L. Harvey. "He had a mansion in Cincinnati, a house in Florida, vans, jeeps, trucks, cars. I asked him, 'Now what do you have? No one put a gun to your head.' When he went to the bank, everyone went to the bank. When he went to the crack houses, they went to the crack houses."

Rev. Harvey rescued Pryor from the hell of Liberty City, Miami, three years ago, risking his own life to save his friend's. Pryor, gaunt, his complexion the color of ashes, would wear the same clothes and the same glassy-eyed look for weeks. Rev. Harvey knocked on doors, homes, and crack houses, evading bullets and death threats. When he did manage to locate Pryor, "I went in one door, he went out another," he recalled. "They did not want him to leave because he had money. I'm taking money away from them. They would say, 'Here comes the Rev!' I was just like the police. Everyone on the street knew I was coming."

One night Rev. Harvey put Pryor to bed in Pryor's home in Miami. "People were ringing the doorbell shouting, 'Nigger, come out! We're going to kill you!'" he said. Pryor was snoring, Harvey trembling. Eventually, Pryor's house, along with his other possessions, was repossessed.

Harvey made his mind up that he wouldn't leave Pryor behind. But Pryor would cash in tickets left for him and buy crack with the money. "I tricked him," Harvey recalled. "I put him in the car. The plane was leaving at 7 p.m. I told him it was seven in the morning. We drove to the airport and I told him, 'We're going to meet someone,' and we got on the plane. But he went back. The amount of drugs he was doing, anyone else would have been dead. Someone once sold him a real rock instead of crack. He went through $2-million."

After several trips to Miami, Rev. Harvey finally succeeded. "I saw some good in him," he said. "I refused to give up on him. I wasn't going to let him go. We were real close friends; I was like his spiritual father. He donated a couple of pews to the church—you never forget what people do for you. When he was down, no one was there. I had to go to his rescue."

Pryor finally gave up crack. "I had to hold him all night when he was trying to withdraw this poison," Harvey said quietly. "The last time, he went cold turkey."

Pryor recalled, "I was doing crack and cocaine—that was enough. I was truly infected. I started back in 1986, 1987. My wife was divorcing me; I would get clean physically but not mentally," Pryor explained. "At one time, I didn't want to listen. Some people hoped that I would go back out in the streets. For others, I was their idol and inspiration. I was feeling that all of my life I wanted to be the champion. Dr. [Frank] Doggett said that I shouldn't fight in Atlantic City before I got my eye fixed. I became very depressed. They took my title. I had to look for a scapegoat. It took over a year to do that. I worked very hard to be the best, and they took my title. I was so depressed. Then my wife left me. She still lives in Florida. I don't know what her situation is. I gave up on me. I realized I was hurting people. I let go and found

God. I just quit. I went to two drug programs. I came back out. I wasn't ready. I decided to go cold turkey. Now, when I get the urge, I pray.

"Any chemical that you put in your body affects your system. Who knows about it?" He shrugged. "I've been clean a year and a half. I stopped being stubborn. With drugs, you can be an actor, you can be a thief. People told me, 'We don't want you to hurt yourself.' I was a public person. I blew at least a couple of hundred thousand. I had a lot of money stolen from me. People forged bad checks and power of attorney, people took advantage of me."

Pryor says he has been clean for the last two years. He still lives in Cincinnati, this time with his girlfriend, Frankie, who keeps a watchful eye on him, and he lives off the interest of some money he had put away. His complexion is clear, his handshake firm. His stomach protrudes a little over the waistline of his pants. And when he trains young fighters at several different gyms, his demeanor is that of a friendly, professional, and captivating instructor. Many do not know who he is.

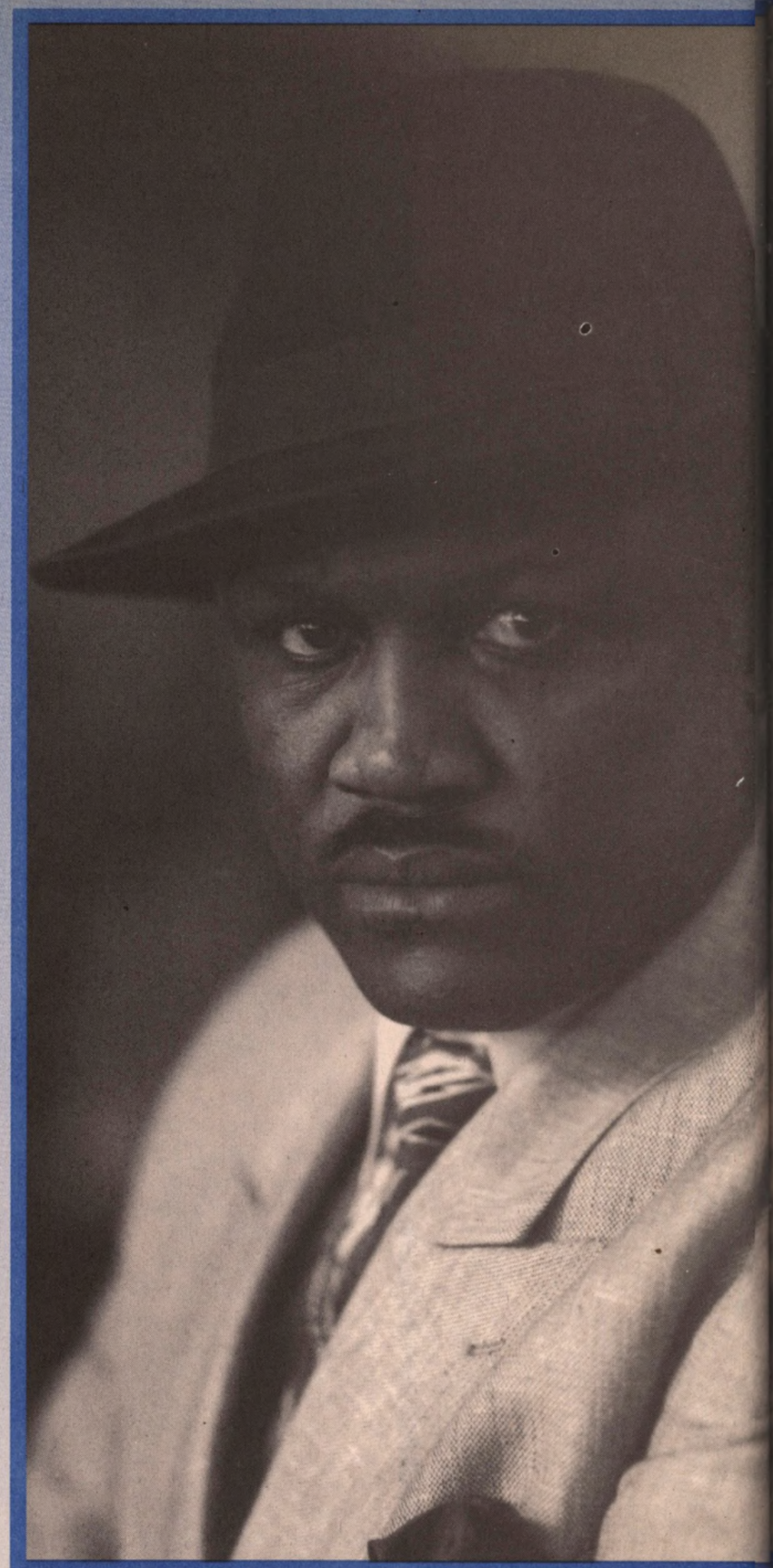
A gaggle of kids, from four to 24, swarm over him as he leads the group in drills, army style, and when the littlest one comes over for help after he has worked with a professional, Pryor puts on the mitts again and starts over. "I felt by being a fighter for 25 years, I could be more helpful in the community and in boxing than anywhere else. I'd love to start with professional fighters in Vegas and New York," he lamented, thoughts of a comeback pushed aside for the moment.

***

Ken Norton, on a comeback from a devastating car accident in February 1986, is still muscular, but he walks with a slight limp and wears a baseball cap to cover the scars. "I'm involved in a company that sells and installs telephone systems, computers, and faxes," he said, signing a pair of tiny boxing gloves.

"I'm involved in car and alarm systems, and I own a health club." Norton fought Ali three times. He beat Ali in 1973, and broke his jaw for the NABF heavyweight title. He then lost twice, the second fight a split decision, the third a controversial unanimous decision at Yankee Stadium. Norton was hard to hit because he came at Ali with a crab-like defense and could defuse Ali's punches.

"I admire the man as a showman and as an athlete. If it wasn't for Ali, there would be no Ken Norton," he said respectfully. "With Ali, there was no animosity. There was a mutual respect. I know after the accident, he was one of



Joe Frazier will never forgive Muhammad Ali for the treatment he received from his adversary during their famed rivalry. "He might have been greater if it weren't for me," Smokin' Joe said of "The Greatest."

the first people visiting the hospital. He didn't have to come. He's a very good man."

Norton was awarded the opportunity to fight for the WBC heavyweight title after he beat Jimmy Young in 1977, but Leon Spinks, the titleholder, chose to fight Ali instead of him. The WBC then stripped Leon of the title and gave it to Norton, who lost it in his first defense to Larry Holmes in 1978. The aggressive Norton threw an assortment of punches. He was big and muscular, but Holmes' jab won him the fight.

"I don't miss it at all." Norton turned to hug a small boy who poked him timidly for his autograph. "I don't miss getting up to box. I didn't start boxing until I was 25 or 26. I wanted to go to school first. I went to 2½ years of college to study elementary education. I couldn't be locked up in a school, teaching. Boxing just happened. I miss the people, the fans, the press. I miss that aura. I don't miss boxing. I didn't want to sacrifice anymore," he said simply.

"Regrets? That I didn't really train as hard as I could. Rather than being obsessed, I was just competing. I wasn't obsessed by it. Ali, Frazier, Bob Foster—they were obsessed by it. I was an athlete. I enjoyed being one of the best."

***

If it weren't for Joe Frazier, Muhammad Ali would not have achieved the same greatness as a fighter. But Frazier suffered. "His words hurt me, me and my family. He called me a gorilla, the white man's champion, telling me that I was stupid. Why did he have to say this?" Frazier asks no one in particular. "If he were fighting today, I'd fight him.

"Vietnam, it was not my place. I'm not about war, I'm not a politician. I'm a world champion. My job is boxing. Once you start overstepping your job, then you'll get into trouble.

"I wasn't stripped of my title. I could do what I wanted. He was Muhammad Ali. He might have been greater if it weren't for me. I slowed his clock. I love Muhammad. I have a lot of respect for the man. Parkinson's? I didn't have anything to do with it."

"If my father could fight Ali today, he would go at it," says his eldest daughter, Jacquelyn Frazier-Lyde, an attorney who works out of the same North Philadelphia gym-cum-office that her father owns. "Because my father really befriended him, my father helped Ali get his license back [after Ali was stripped of the title for refusing to take part in the military draft], he loaned him money ... it really shocked him. He was completely betrayed."

Jacqui, who was 13 at the time of the 1975 Thrilla In Manila, remembers, "People went for what Ali was saying about my father. They thought my father was ignorant. My father is a very loyal person. He didn't say anything. All he could do was focus on fighting. He was completely shocked and betrayed, and he had to go through it publicly."

Frazier's elder son, Marvis, who was 14 at the time, accompanied his father to the Philippines for the bout. "I was upset and confused," he recalls. "This guy [Ali] was supposed to be a black leader; he was supposed to be for brotherhood and for God. But God didn't go out and call people names. Pop was the everyday working man, always humble. The other guy had the lip. Ali, being a black man—maybe he had an identity crisis. My father didn't have to prove that he was black. Pop is very intelligent. People didn't take the time to listen. A lot of people fell into Ali's interpretation. No one has taken the time—'Joe, what about this? What's your view?'

"Kids would draw little stick figures," Marvis remembers. "The stick figure with his hands up was Ali, and the figure on the ground was my father."

Marvis, whose own short-lived boxing career was highlighted by a 30-second knockout at the hands of Mike Tyson, now manages the gym, organizes the annual Frazier Golden Gloves tournament, trains fighters, sets up personal appearances for his father, and does an uncanny imitation of Howard Cosell interviewing his father and Ali. Marvis says he sees Ali as "a great person. The way he treated my dad, you forgive and forget." Still, he says, "He hurt us a lot, but what can I say? He did a lot for boxing. To me, he and my father made each other. If there had been no Ali, there would have been no Frazier, and vice versa."

Smokin' Joe, in his pink and white trunks and a sparkly green cornerman's jacket, still hops briskly into the ring to train fighters at his gym. It's been 13 years since he retired in 1981. He has owned a restaurant and become a sporadic lounge singer (he still sings). He acts a little, including a voice-over for The Simpsons, trains fighters (he trained Marvis), and attends fights in the Philadelphia-Atlantic City area, offering a few words and a handshake all around.

Frazier is difficult to pin down, even though he lives above the gym in his bachelor "penthouse" (he and his wife Florence are separated), one floor above the gutted second floor, where he and his family are preparing the Frazier

(Continued on page 61)

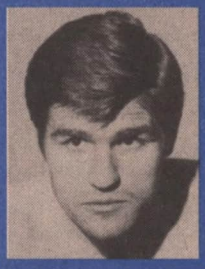
BATTLE of the LEGENDS

Middleweights

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle of the Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, write to us.

Nino Benvenuti

Trieste, Italy
Career: 1961-1971
82-7-1 with 35 kayos

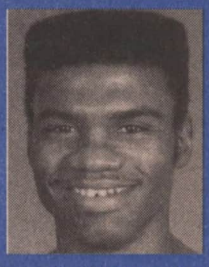


Considered the greatest Italian-born fighter ever, Benvenuti was a gold medal-winning amateur (at the 1960 Olympics) and a two-division world champion. The 5'11" boxer-puncher was a mobile stylist who dazzled most of his foes with speed and skills. During his reign, he was regarded as the fastest middleweight since Sugar Ray Robinson.

Upon turning pro, Benvenuti won his first 65 bouts, and in the process captured the junior middleweight title, stopping countryman Sandro Mazzinghi (KO 6) in 1965. After losing the crown to Ki Soo Kim, he added the middleweight title, outpointing Emile Griffith in 1967. Benvenuti lost the rematch, regained the title from Griffith, and then held it until suffering a 12th-round kayo at the hands of 160-pound legend Carlos Monzon in 1970. After again losing to Monzon (KO by 2), he retired at age 33.

Julian Jackson

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Career: 1981-Present
51-4 with 47 kayos



A two-division world champion, "The Hawk" has earned his reputation as one of the greatest punchers in history. He carries kayo power in both hands and fires every blow with bad intentions. His chin has never been as dependable as his punch, and as a result, his bouts have consistently provided dramatic, unexpected turns and sudden endings.

In 1986, Jackson was 29-0 when he challenged WBA junior middleweight champion Mike McCallum. After hurting McCallum in the first round, he succumbed in the second. One year later, he won the vacant WBA title by crushing In Chul Baek (KO 3). He made three defenses, including a second-round kayo of Terry Norris, then captured the vacant WBC middleweight title, stopping Herol Graham (KO 4). Over the course of two reigns, Jackson made four successful defenses. In August, he lost the title to Quincy Taylor (KO by 6). At age 35, he plans to fight on.

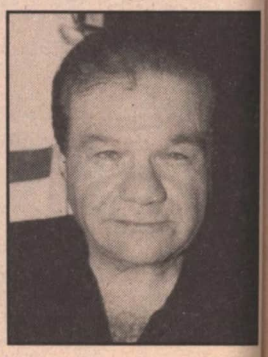
Most of Jackson's middleweight title defenses were quickie blowouts. An exception was his August 1992 encounter with Thomas Tate, who absorbed tons of punishment but nonetheless managed to last the distance.

DON ELBAUM

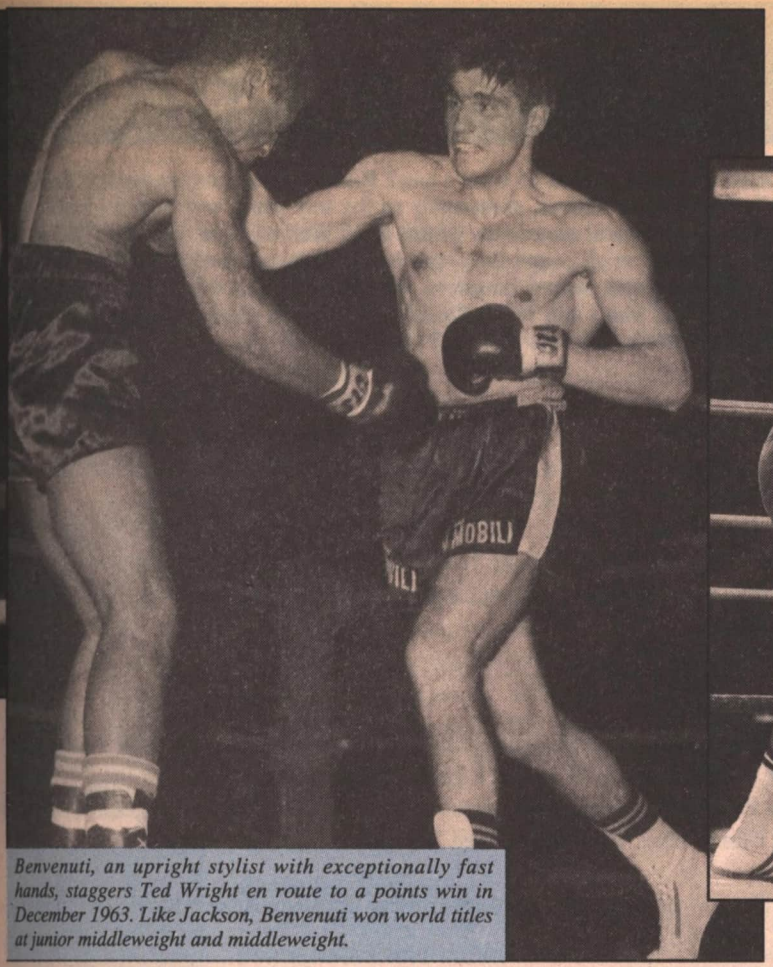
Benvenuti was one of the most underrated middleweight champions of all-time. Without question he was as good as Emile Griffith ever was. He was an excellent boxer and a better puncher than people gave him credit for. And he was a brilliant defensive fighter who had all the moves. He was just a very excellent all-around fighter.

In his prime, Jackson was one of the greatest punchers of his era. He was the type that either knocked you out or got knocked out. He could kayo anyone—he was that murderous a puncher. He was a great early-rounds fighter, but if he didn't get you out of there early, he'd run out of gas. And he never had a chin. He was staggered often, but he had fire and desire and would come fighting back. But I don't think he ever would've nailed Benvenuti cleanly.

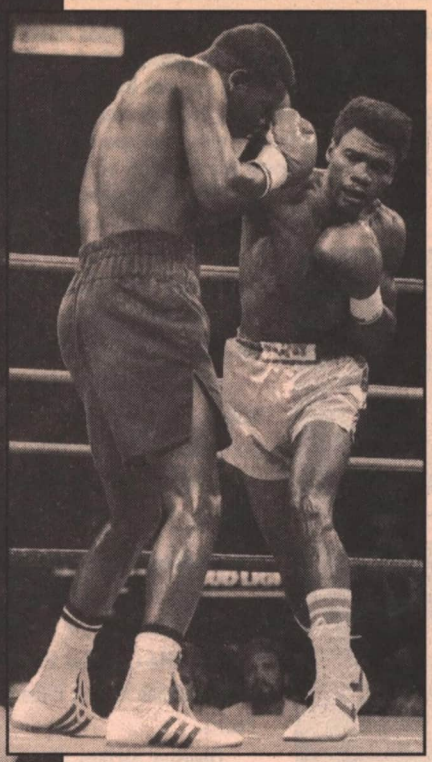
Benvenuti would've absolutely destroyed and kayoed Jackson, no ifs, ands, or buts. There'd be a lot of drama for the first three or four rounds, with Jackson bombing and Benvenuti very cautious. But from the fifth on, Benvenuti would open up, and then it would be a question of time. Benvenuti would take him out in the seventh or eighth round.



Don Elbaum is a veteran matchmaker and promoter. In October 1968, his fighter, Doyle Baird, held then-world champion Benvenuti to a 10-round draw in a non-title fight.



Benvenuti, an upright stylist with exceptionally fast hands, staggers Ted Wright en route to a points win in December 1963. Like Jackson, Benvenuti won world titles at junior middleweight and middleweight.



Jackson hammers Reggie Miller en route to a kayo in May 1989. One of the hardest hitters of his era, "The Hawk," no longer a world champion, and badly faded at age 35, has retained his one-punch power.

EMANUEL STEWARD

Benvenuti was a very strong fighter. He had a tremendous ability to move his feet and then suddenly punch. He boxed upright, in a classic European stance, and was annoying with his left hand. But was still dangerous and unpredictable. And don't forget he was an Olympic gold medal winner with all that experience as an amateur. He fought better fighters than Jackson, and he was a true middleweight.

Jackson was one of the best punchers I ever saw. And he was a very precise puncher with both hands. He didn't just walk in and look to bomb away; he studied his opponents very carefully before punching. He wasn't really a physical fighter, and he didn't box as much as I thought he would've. He had a puncher's mentality, and he could turn a fighter around, even in the late rounds, with one shot.

Benvenuti would be too strong and durable for Jackson. Jackson would stalk Benvenuti in the early rounds, his hands held high, and Benvenuti would explode every once in a while, then tie Jackson up. About midway through, Jackson would get caught with a sneaky punch. Benvenuti by stoppage in the seventh or eighth round.

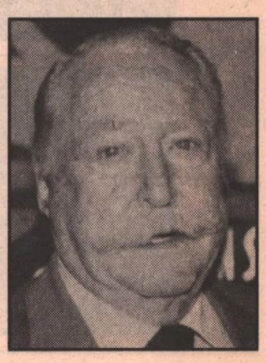
Emanuel Steward is one of today's most accomplished trainers. In May 1993, his fighter, Gerald McClellan, kayoed Jackson to win the WBC middleweight title.

HOWIE ALBERT

Benvenuti was a very good boxer, but not a very hard puncher. Then again, it doesn't take too much to knock Jackson down. I don't know what happened with Emile Griffith in his first fight with Nino, but in the second one, Emile punched the hell outta him. People were awed by Benvenuti. For instance, he was fast, but not *that* fast. He was a handsome guy with a wonderful personality, and maybe not quite as good as the hype would have indicated. But he was very good for boxing, and one of the better middleweight champions.

Early on with Jackson, all I used to hear about was "this great fighter from the Virgin Islands." It made me sick because he didn't belong in the same breath as Griffith [also a Virgin Islander]. Jackson looked like a million bucks when he hit you, but some guys fall apart when they hit you and you don't go. Jackson was very one-dimensional. Being able to punch doesn't by itself make a great fighter.

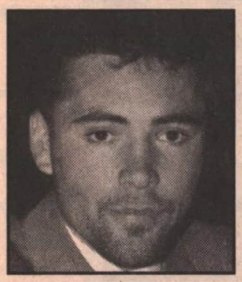
Benvenuti would box and move in the early rounds. His defense was a good offense; he threw lots of combinations. Then he would break through, stopping Jackson anywhere from the 11th to 13th rounds.



Howie Albert works as an assistant to New York State Athletic Commission Chairman Floyd Patterson. In the '60s, he co-managed Emile Griffith and Tom Bethea, who fought Benvenuti a combined five times.

WHO'S HOT...

As the curtain closes on 1995, boxing finds itself in a state of flux. So what's new? Mike Tyson is ready to reestablish himself as the baddest man on the planet. Or is he? Julio Cesar Chavez, presumably on the way down, and Oscar De La Hoya, most definitely on the way up, are headed for a monumental showdown. Or are they? Welterweight champions Pernell Whitaker and Felix Trinidad, both of whom can be found on all pound-for-pound top-10 lists, will partly unify the title. Or will they? And "Butterbean" will continue his relentless march toward Canastota. Of that there is no doubt. Since we can't be sure of much, let's at least take a look at who's hot and who's not. Which fighters are likely to dominate 1996, and which are likely to begin that inexorable fade into oblivion? THE RING's analysis:

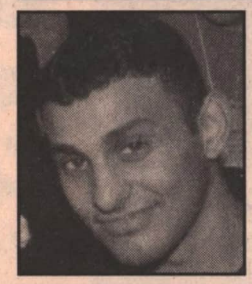


Oscar De La Hoya

Why He's Hot: Because he's been playing the name game, beating one established champ after another. If he gets by Jesse James Leija, he'll be 1995's Fighter of the Year. Everyone loves a pure puncher.

How He Can Get Even Hotter: By knocking out Julio Cesar Chavez. After that, "The Golden Boy," who's still growing, will be pointed toward Pernell Whitaker. Too bad Roy Jones will always be too big.

Disaster Strikes If ... : His chin doesn't support his punch. Leija's only a minor threat, but Chavez' left hooks have ruined dreams.

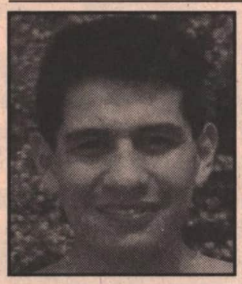


Naseem Hamed

Why He's Hot: Because he's a rare combination of sizzle and substance. And because he can still make 122 pounds. Check out the world ratings; in 1996, that just might be boxing's hottest division.

How He Can Get Even Hotter: By securing exposure on *this* side of the pond. This Englishman has more charisma than Bruno, Eubank, Lewis, and Benn combined. He'll play in Las Vegas, though we're not sure about Peoria.

Disaster Strikes If ... : When faced with a murderous puncher like Marco Antonio Barrera, he turns into a Camacho-like runner. God forbid.

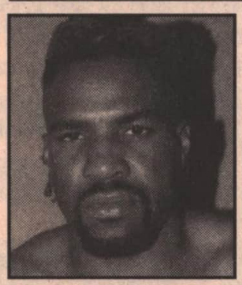


Marco Antonio Barrera

Why He's Hot: Because he's been overwhelming world-class opposition with a Chavez-like attack. The Mexican seems incapable of engaging in a dull fight. His defense is suspect, but that, of course, is half the fun.

How He Can Get Even Hotter: By fighting and beating Hamed. Or Orlando Canizales. Or Kennedy McKinney. As is the case at heavyweight, the most marketable junior feathers aren't the reigning world champs.

Disaster Strikes If ... : He decides to drop boxing and attend law school. As Yogi Berra might say, you can't punch and think at the same time.

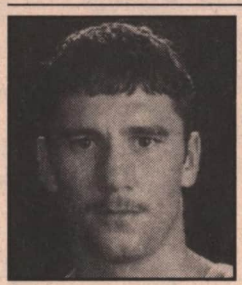


Shannon Briggs

Why He's Hot: Because (choose one): He's an unbeaten heavyweight; he's got the *look* of a champion, and charisma, too; he's trained by Teddy Atlas; he's already a favorite of the New York media.

How He Can Get Even Hotter: By establishing himself as the best of the young heavyweights. Briggs is just beginning to face respectable opposition. A win over David Tua in March would be a giant step.

Disaster Strikes If ... : We learn there's a reason he's been fighting the Danny Woffords and Mike Faulkners of the division.



Wayne McCullough

Why He's Hot: Because every generation needs a Barry McGuigan to root for. "The Pocket Rocket" is difficult not to like. No one throws more punches, and he won the 118-pound crown the hard way—on the road.

How He Can Get Even Hotter: By making one defense, then jumping to junior feather and joining Hamed, Barrera, McKinney, and Canizales in a round-robin. Before the Irishman's done, he could be a triple-crown titlist.

Disaster Strikes If ... : He bleeds every time out. By the end of his title-winning effort vs. Yasuei Yakushiji, McCullough was a crimson mess.

...WHO'S NOT

Chris Eubank

Why He's Not: Because his unique talent for winning close decisions has failed him in back-to-back losses to Steve Collins. Too bad, too, because his division's hot, and Roy Jones and Nigel Benn need suitable comp.

How Things Can Get Worse: If he rises to light heavy and cannot find proper motivation. Eubank has plainly stated he fights solely for the money. Now he has plenty of it, and his performances have suffered.

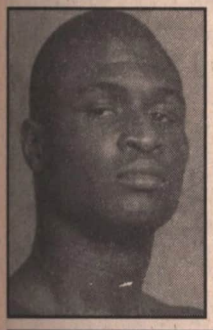
Momentum Changes If ... : The 175-pound division is as bad as it looks. Virgil Hill and Henry Maske aren't punchers. Who is there to fear?

Kevin Kelley

Why He's Not: Because he's begun to show signs that he's used up. The warrior mentality made Kelley a champion, but it certainly isn't going to lengthen his career. And what the hell happened to this guy's chin?

How Things Can Get Worse: If the gun-shy performance he put forth against Bones Adams in September is repeated against a big puncher. Kelley has to attack; it's way too late to return to cutie mode.

Momentum Changes If ... : It turns out that all Kelley needed was an easy win or two. Hey, it wasn't *that* long ago he was masterful vs. Goyo Vargas.

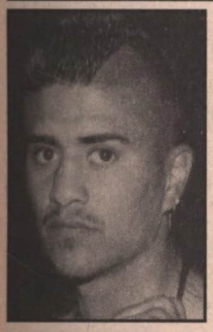


James Toney

Why He's Not: Because his considerable skills have recently been overshadowed by a multitude of out-of-the-ring distractions, including drastic fluctuations in weight and a change of both trainer and manager.

How Things Can Get Worse: If he's unsuccessful in his next big fight. Two of the light heavy champs, Virgil Hill and Henry Maske, are very difficult to fight. Should he lose, will Toney stay focused? Is he a case of burnout?

Momentum Changes If ... : Manager Stan Hoffman and trainer Eddie Mustafa Muhammad can turn Toney's hunger from literal to figurative.

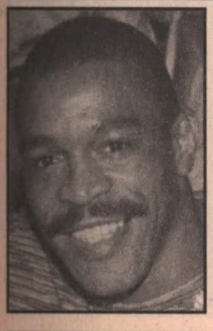


Michael Carbajal

Why He's Not: Because he needed Chiquita Gonzalez, and their rivalry is dead. The promotional switch from Bob Arum to Don King hasn't exactly jump-started Carbajal's career. Maybe 108-pounders simply have a short shelf life.

How Things Can Get Worse: If Carbajal fails to dethrone WBA champion Hi Yong Choi. If "Little Hands Of Stone" is supposed to win titles at three or four weights, why can't he seem to leave the junior flys?

Momentum Changes If ... : He dethrones Choi, then moves up and challenges fly champ Danny Romero. That battle of champions would excite *everyone*.



Frankie Randall

Why He's Not: Because he's failed to secure that rubber match with Julio Cesar Chavez. And because personal and managerial problems have all but destroyed whatever momentum he created by winning the WBA 140-pound crown.

How Things Can Get Worse: If his discipline fails him and he's unable to recapture the sense of purpose that enabled him to twice outfight Chavez. Randall is fragile, and at age 34, he doesn't have much time left.

Momentum Changes If ... : "The Surgeon" gets back to the operating table. Randall can't afford extended periods of inactivity. Our guess: He doesn't last 1996 as champ.

By Stanley Weston
Publisher, THE RING Magazine

TIME CAPSULES

A KING HOLDS COURT

(February 9, 1954)

No matter where they happen to be, professional boxers attract crowds. The more well-known the boxer, the bigger the crowd. Champions, of course, have a special attraction. And legendary champions are in a very special category, capable of stopping traffic by merely strolling down the street. Remarkably, this very rare breed of men never seems to lose any of its magnetism, no matter how many years since they last fought, or how old they may be. But mesmerizing ordinary folks on the street is one thing, and extracting homage from hardened professionals in their own brutal trade is something very different. That takes a man who has risen above even the supreme level of "legendary." That takes a man whose very name symbolizes all that is above and beyond mere greatness. Such a man was Tony Canzoneri, all 5'5" of him.

Early one afternoon back in 1954, Canzoneri walked up the long, dark stairway leading into crowded Stillman's Gym. "There's Canzoneri," was heard in every corner. Instantly, everybody stopped what they were doing to look at the immaculately dressed little man with the long cigar jutting from his pudgy lips. Even the fighters sparring in the two rings stepped back to look. The crowd parted, making a path for Tony. As I watched through my camera's range finder, the thought crossed my mind: *This is like the Red Sea opening for Moses.*

When the mob of regulars spotted Tony Canzoneri (center, with cigar) in Stillman's Gym, they crowded around him, paying rare homage to one of their living legends. Among the hero-worshipers was Whitey Bimstein (right, in white sweater). Behind Bimstein, his face partially hidden by Whitey's head, is another great trainer, Ray Arcel.

Now Canzoneri was surrounded by old friends. "Yer look great champ. Good enough to go 15." All the sour, creased faces warmed magically. All those wonderful memories of this marvelous little fellow who had once ruled three weight classes and had never had an enemy in the world. The young pugs eyed him adoringly. The washed-up guys, still plugging away because there was nothing else they could do, just looked at Tony and wondered, *Why him and not me?* Famous trainers Whitey Bimstein and Ray Arcel, both of whom had worked Tony's corner on many a night, hugged the old champion and began the inevitable "remember when ... ?"

Tony Canzoneri was 46 years old that day at Stillman's. He had fought his last fight 15 years before, in 1939. His last pilgrimage to his beloved Stillman's Gym was in 1959, a mere six weeks before he died at the tender age of 51

JACK DEMPSEY DEAD ... NOT QUITE

(July 2, 1939)

On June 29, 1939, newspaper headlines blared, "DEMPSEY NEAR DEATH," "DEMPSEY CRITICAL," and "DEMPSEY FIGHTING FOR LIFE." The next day, one major New York daily, *The Mirror*, brazenly jumped the gun, jolting the world into premature mourning with this crushing, five-inch banner: "JACK DEMPSEY DEAD." Of course, the 44-year-old former heavyweight champion wasn't dead. Not yet. Dr. A.A. Jaller, chief honcho at Manhattan's Polyclinic Hospital, told the gathered media army, "Mr. Dempsey underwent emergency corrective surgery late last night for peritonitis, which resulted from a previous operation to remove a gangrenous appendix. It will be 72 hours before the crisis [is over]. Mr. Dempsey is a very sick man." Somebody asked, "What are his chances? What are the odds?" The doctor replied, "Less than 50-50." He then pleaded, "We would appreciate very much if you asked the public to please stop phoning. All those calls have disrupted our switchboard, affecting emergency services."

Crowds formed outside the hospital, a huge, ancient building on 50th Street, less than the length of a football field down from Madison Square Garden. There were men, women, and kids carrying their shoeshine boxes. Ordinary folks. All worshipers of that legendary mountain called Dempsey. Soon after the crisis had passed, the big shots began to pay homage. The mayor, the governor, and the police commissioner. Even Cardinal Spellman of New York came to bless the non-Catholic patient in room 504. And, of course, everybody who was anybody in the sporting world tried to shove his way up to that by-now holy fifth floor.

Towering above the mob early one hot afternoon, beaming like a lighthouse beacon, was the huge, instantly recognizable face of former heavyweight king Maxie Baer. As the crowd swirled around him, Max patted the heads of kids and kissed rouge-colored cheeks, never once losing that famous, infectious grin. Escorted by Dr. Jaller and two security officers, Baer burst into room 504. But when he saw his old pal Dempsey stretched out in bed, his head propped up by only one pillow and his flesh the color of the sheets, Max stopped short in his tracks, like a racehorse rejecting the starting gate. Expecting to see Jack walking around in a robe, or at worst sitting in a chair smoking a cigar, he was shocked to see instead what to him looked like a very sick man. (Max would later say he had been told Jack was fully recovered and ready to leave the hospital.)

With the same deftness he used to brush off haymakers, Baer quickly regained his composure and switched into cheer-'em-up mode. He strutted over to the bed, leaned his huge shoulder on the pillow where Dempsey's head was propped, made a funny face, and then leaned over and planted a kiss on Jack's cheek. Max feinted a left to Jack's jaw, and at the same time gently lifted Dempsey's left hand in a blocking motion. The man from Manassa's face lit up: "Thanks for coming, big guy."

The two old champions, whose long friendship was deeply rooted and steeped in mutual respect, cracked jokes until the nurse called "time to go now." Baer got up, blew a kiss at Jack, and quickly left the room. In the hallway, the famous smile now replaced by a worried frown, Max asked the nurse, "Are you sure he's gonna be okay?" "You can bet your life Mr. Dempsey will be good as new," replied the lady in white.

That he would be good as new turned out to be the understatement of the century. William Harrison Dempsey was 44 years old when he walked out of that hospital in 1939. He lived long enough to double his life span, passing away in 1983, one month short of what would have been his 88th birthday. Baer left us in 1959, when he was only 50. And I can't help but wonder by how long Dempsey outlived that gofer who wrote the "JACK DEMPSEY DEAD" headline back in 1939.

Shocked by how sick his idol and old pal Jack Dempsey looks as he lays propped up in a hospital bed, Maxie Baer, always the clown, tries to lift Jack's spirits by throwing a left hook while, at the same time, lifting Dempsey's hand to block the mock punch.

The RING '60s & '70s ISSUES

When Cassius Clay made his pro debut in 1960, THE RING was there. When "The Greatest" fought Joe Frazier for the heavyweight title in 1971, THE RING was there. Before Carlos Monzon, Jose Napoles, and Roberto Duran made names for themselves, the readers of THE RING were already talking about them. THE RING covered all the boxing events of the 1960s and 1979s as no other magazine could—and now a limited supply of back issues from those two decades are available for $10 each (including postage and handling).

July 1964: Will Bobo Olson Win Title? Plus: Polo Grounds, Cassius Clay, Willie Pastrano, Sugar Ramos.

Aug. 1964: Who Is Floyd Robertson? Plus: Max Schmeling, Griffith-Rodriguez, Dick Tiger, Olympic preview, Joey Giardello, Sonny Liston.

Sept. 1964: The Perils Of Patterson! Plus: Cleveland Williams, Laszlo Papp, Jose Stable, Carlos Ortiz.

Feb. 1965: Where Do Our Heavies Stand Now? Plus: James J. Braddock, Emile Griffith, Jose Torres, Willie Pastrano, Oscar Bonavena, Eder Jofre.

July 1965: Jose Torres, Puerto Rico's New Hero. Plus: Clay-Liston II prefight, Gene Tunney, Joey Giardello, Bonavena-Folley, George Chuvalo.

Nov. 1965: Giardello Title Tenure Over? Plus: History of middleweights, heavyweight situation, Johnny Persol, Luis Rodriguez, Mathis & Frazier's pro debuts.

May 1966: Who Will Tame Dick Tiger? Clay-Terrell preview, James Norris, Emile Griffith, Vicente Saldivar.

Jan. 1967: Is Time Running Out On Terrell? Plus: Torres-Tiger preview, long count mystery solved, Carlos Ortiz, Cassius Clay, Zora Folley, Johnny Persol.

April 1967: Death Stalks The Tiger. Plus: Cassius Clay, Emile Griffith, Mike Jacobs, Barney Ross, Joe Clark.

May 1967: Cassius Clay: "Louis Clobber Me? He Must Be Joking!" Plus: Frazier-Jones, Floyd Patterson, Carlos Ortiz, Frazier-Mathis preview, Nino Benvenuti.

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Dec. 1967: Jack Dempsey Picks Next Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Griffith-Benvenuti II, Joe Frazier, Gans-McGovern controversy, Buster Mathis.

Jan. 1968: Corbett-Dempsey Computer Fight. Plus: Joe Frazier, Jerry Quarry, Jimmy Ellis, Thad Spencer, Vicente Saldivar retires.

May 1968: Quarry Revives White Hope Cry!!! Plus: Frazier-Mathis, Jimmy Ellis, Joe Frazier, Dick Tiger, Bob Foster, Nino Benvenuti.

June 1968: Boone Kirkman: Heavyweight Threat. Plus: Ken Buchanan, Sonny Liston, Ernie Terrell, southpaws, Nino Benvenuti & Frank Sinatra.

Nov. 1968: Are Today's Fighters Overpaid? Plus: Joey Archer, Emile Griffith, Sugar Ray Robinson, Fritzie Zivic.

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May 1969: Frazier-Ellis—A Knockout For 1969! Plus: Mando Ramos, Bob Foster, cornermen, Marty Servo.

Aug. 1970: Robinson, Saldivar Only Two To Do It. Plus: Cassius Clay, Benvenuti-Bethea, Jose Ibar Urtain, Leotis Martin, David Vasquez, Bugner-London.

Feb. 1972: Will Tax Bite KO Foreign Invasion? Plus: Clay-Mathis, Quarry-Bodell, Mando Ramos, Ruben Olivares, Foreman-Pires, Foster-Hicks.

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Aug. 1972: Joe Frazier: "Clay's Jab Gone, I'll KO Him." Plus: Frazier-Stander, Quarry-Middleton, Eddie Perkins, Ben Villaflor, Esteban DeJesus.

Oct. 1972: Fleischer Exclusive: All-Time Choices (96-page collector's issue): Plus: Clay-Lewis, Patterson-Agosto, Bold Bendigo, Tony Licata, controversial punches, Jose Luis Garcia.

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July 1973: Has Time Come For Ali To Quit? Plus: Ken Norton, George Foreman, Bruno Arcari, Danny Lopez, Jimmy Richards, Henry Cooper, Antonio Cervantes, Bobby Chacon.

Sept. 1973: Ali's Revenge? Muhammad Ali vs. Ken Norton—The Battle Of Broken Jaw. Plus: Frazier-Bugner, Shavers-Ellis, Chacon-Olivares, Terrell-Wepner, Monzon-Griffith.

June 1974: Foreman Supreme After Second-Round KO Over Norton. Plus: Duran-DeJesus, Obed Aims, Bat Battalino, Johnny & Tony Mareno, Pedro Agosto, Olivares-Hafey.

Nov.-Dec. 1974: Where Do We Go From Zaire? Plus: Bob Foster, Napoles-Lewis, Angel Mayoral, new faces, Sam Taub, Lopez-Toyoshima.

Nov. 1975: George Foreman: Forgotten World Heavyweight Champ. Plus: Roberto Duran, Ken Buchanan, Alfredo Escalera, Teddy Brenner, Ken Buchanan, U.S. title

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July 1979: Foreman Exclusive: Preach Or Punch? Plus: Mike Weaver, Jack Sharkey, Galindez-Rossman II, Franklin-Johnson II, Jorge Lujan, Watt-Pitalua, Chacon-Limon II, Conteh-Burnett, Leonard-Viruet, federal commission?

Nov. 1979: Leonard: Sweet Enough To Be Called "Sugar Ray"? Plus: Wilfred Benitez, Willie Pep, 10 worst heavyweights, Monzon comback?, Cuevas-Shields, Leonard-Ranzany, Muhammad-Conteh, Hilmer Kenty.

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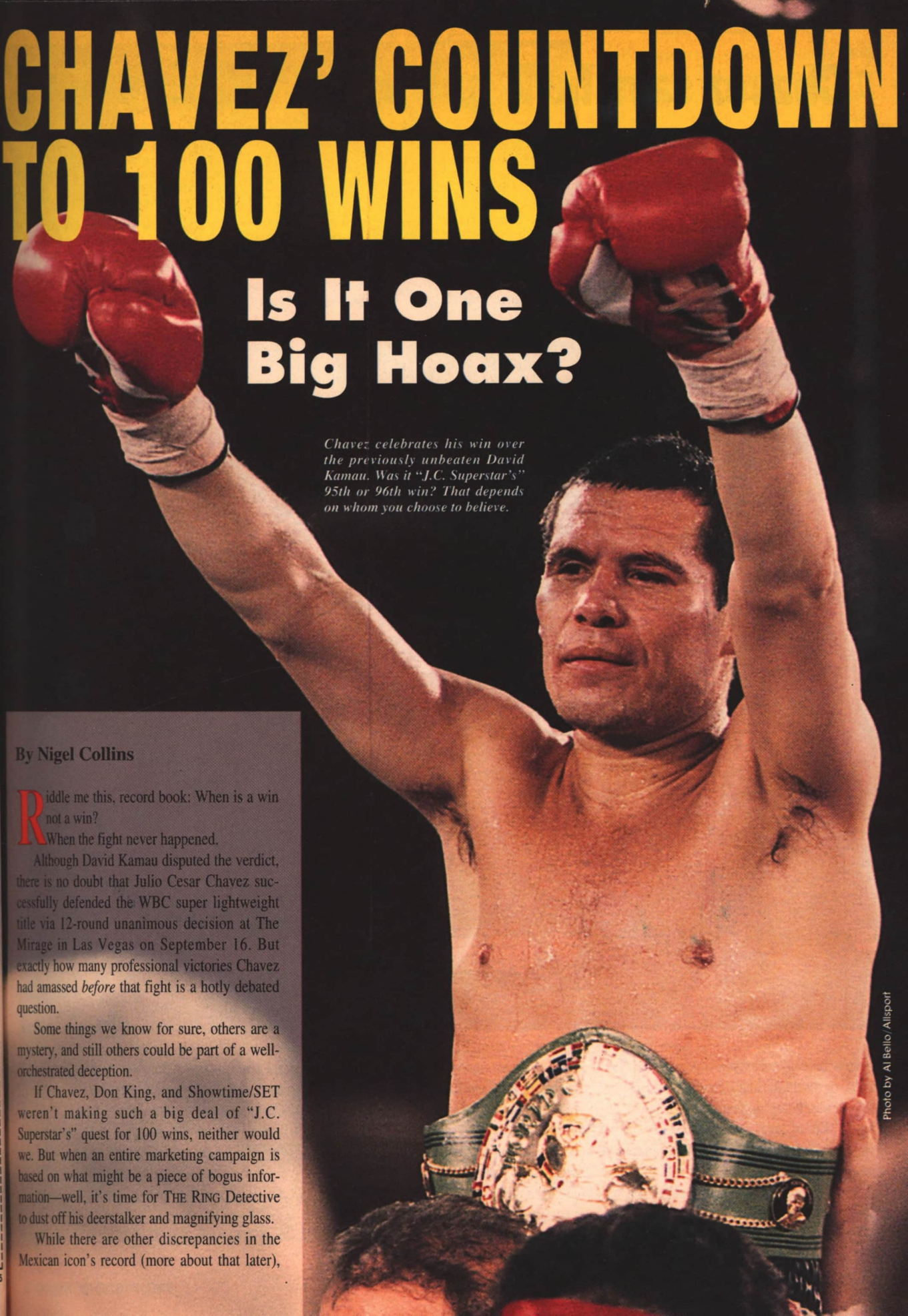
CHAVEZ' COUNTDOWN TO 100 WINS

Is It One Big Hoax?



Chavez celebrates his win over the previously unbeaten David Kamau. Was it "J.C. Superstar's" 95th or 96th win? That depends on whom you choose to believe.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

By Nigel Collins

Riddle me this, record book: When is a win not a win?

When the fight never happened.

Although David Kamau disputed the verdict, there is no doubt that Julio Cesar Chavez successfully defended the WBC super lightweight title via 12-round unanimous decision at The Mirage in Las Vegas on September 16. But exactly how many professional victories Chavez had amassed *before* that fight is a hotly debated question.

Some things we know for sure, others are a mystery, and still others could be part of a well-orchestrated deception.

If Chavez, Don King, and Showtime/SET weren't making such a big deal of "J.C. Superstar's" quest for 100 wins, neither would we. But when an entire marketing campaign is based on what might be a piece of bogus information—well, it's time for THE RING Detective to dust off his deerstalker and magnifying glass.

While there are other discrepancies in the Mexican icon's record (more about that later),

Chavez says he'll quit after 100 victories

PUEBLA, Mexico (AP) — Julio Cesar Chavez wants to win 100 fights before he retires. Some 60,000 fans hope to see him collect No. 89 tonight at the Cuauhtemoc soccer stadium.

"One hundred victories. No more boxing," Chavez said at a sparring session this week before hundreds of cheering fans.

Ch...

stain on his record: a Sept. 10 draw with WBC welterweight champion Pernell Whitaker that many believe Chavez actually lost.

The undefeated, hard-hitting Holligan comes into the fight with 21 victories. But he has three — maybe four — strikes against him.

It's his first pro fight out-... in, he's fo...

a morning workout this week.

"I believe it's going to be a hard fight, a difficult fight," Chavez said, although he has never seen Holligan fight and he already has booked his next opponent, Frankie Randall, Jan. 29 at Las Vegas.

"He's going to get a sur-...

title against Simon Brown, the former IBF and WBC welterweight champion who had to cancel two earlier fights against Norris because of health problems.

Norris is making the 11th defense of the title he won in March 1990. He said he wants a crack at a middleweight title.

Will Chavez make it to 100 wins? In his most recent defense, a points win over David Kamau, he started slowly and had to overcome a cut on his left eyelid.

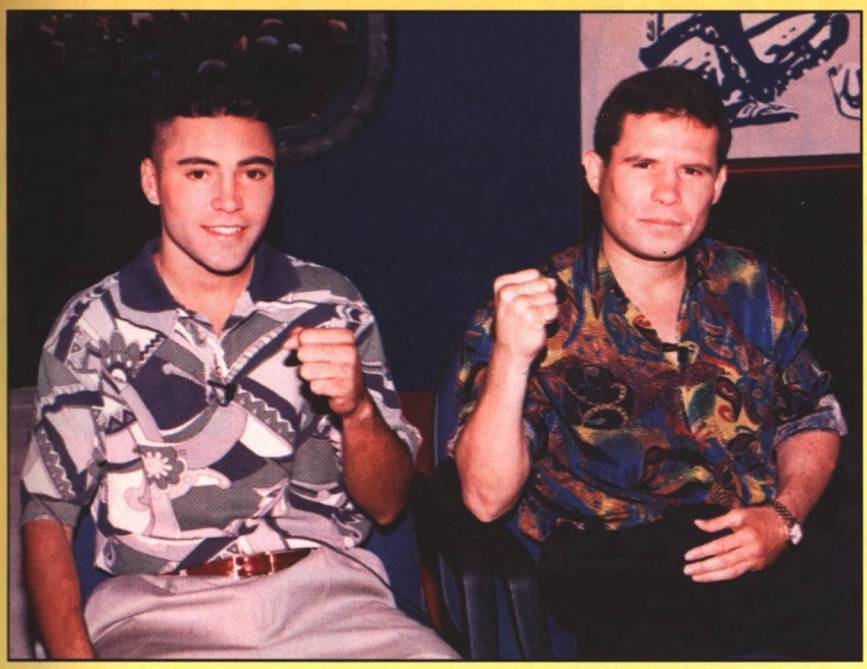
Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

the main bone of contention is whether Chavez has 95 or 96 wins. And though one itsy-bitsy win has absolutely no bearing whatsoever on Chavez' hall of fame credentials, it has everything to do with the credibility of his countdown to the century mark.

According to the itinerary mapped out by King, Chavez will go for his 100th win on May 5, 1996, against Oscar De La Hoya, providing he gets by three opponents in the interim. Great concept. Great fight. But if Chavez really has 95 wins, and not 96, the whole agenda is thrown out of whack.

Of course, with Chavez in the twilight of his remarkable career, timing is of the essence, and the timing of the discovery of Chavez' extra win is certainly suspicious. The inconsistency in Chavez' win column didn't raise its troublesome head until earlier this year, when King conceived of the hook upon which he would hang Chavez' farewell campaign. If those who insist Chavez has one less win than he claims are correct, the whole scenario smacks of recordkeeping by convenience. Michael Marley, King's director of public relations, is quick to disagree.

"There has been no attempt to deceive anybody," said Marley. "Credibility is important to



In a perfect world, Chavez wants to register win number 100 against Oscar De La Hoya on Cinco de Mayo, 1996, and then retire. But would that **really** *be win number 100?*

us. I'm aware there is some confusion about Julio's record, but all I know is that Mr. Chavez and the members of his camp, people who have been with him all of his career, submitted adequate documented evidence. And according to Chavez and his camp members, that's what his record is."

Still, the forces aligned against Chavez and his supporters are formidable. Fight Fax, the sport's leading recordkeeper, contends the victory over Kamau was Chavez' 95th. Somewhat surprisingly, the WBC, the governing body most closely associated with both Chavez and King, agrees with Fight Fax's tally.

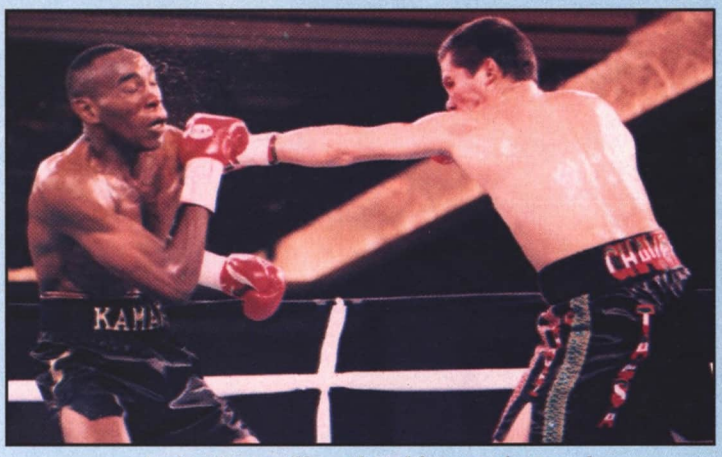
"Most of the groundwork for documenting Chavez' record was done by Bob Yalen," said Phill Marder, head honcho at Fight Fax and editor of *The Boxing Record Book*. "But we have spent a great deal of time and money doing additional research, and the more we went into it, the more confusing it got. Chavez' record is a

(Continued on page 56)

A COMFORTABLE WIN ... OR WAS IT?

If Julio Cesar Chavez had spent his career fighting the way he did the first seven rounds against David Kamau, he would never have become the national hero of Mexico. Mexican heroes don't back up.

But Chavez is not what he used to be, and these days he seems just as concerned with preserving his battle-weary, 33-year-old body as he does punishing the other guy's. So it was when Chavez successfully defended the WBC super lightweight title against stringbean challenger Kamau, a Kenyan based in Los Angeles. But after a listless start, Chavez mounted a strong stretch drive to win a unanimous decision by scores of 116-114 (England's Larry O'Connell), 116-112 (Thailand's Anek Hongtongkam), and 117-110 (the USA's Carol Castellano). THE RING scored 114-114.



Against Kamau, Chavez boxed far more than usual

The 31-year-old Kamau, 140, made good use of his 3½-inch reach advantage the first half of the bout, jabbing effectively, and even outpunching Chavez in several exchanges. But it was an accidental clash of heads in the first round that caused Chavez, 140, Culiacan, Mexico, the most distress. The incident occurred just before the bell, with Chavez suffering a cut on his left eyelid that bled periodically throughout the fight.

Chavez backpedaled and threw an occasional left hook, but also took time out to whine to referee Mills Lane (USA) whenever Kamau did something the champion considered against the rules. At the halfway point, there was a distinct possibility that the title would change hands.

The fight turned in the eighth, when an off-balance Kamau went down from a straight left that appeared to have landed on his shoulder. Nevertheless, it was ruled an official knockdown, and Chavez suddenly found the groove he had been lacking all night.

A hard double-hook from Chavez in the 10th set up a big rally the following round. The partisan, flag-waving crowd inside The Mirage ballroom roared its approval as Chavez repeatedly connected with hooks to the head. Kamau, hurt and bleeding from the nose, bravely stayed upright.

Chavez, 95-1-1 (77), failed to press his advantage in the final round, and Kamau, 26-1 (20), had the Mexican retreating again as he landed clean lefts to the head.

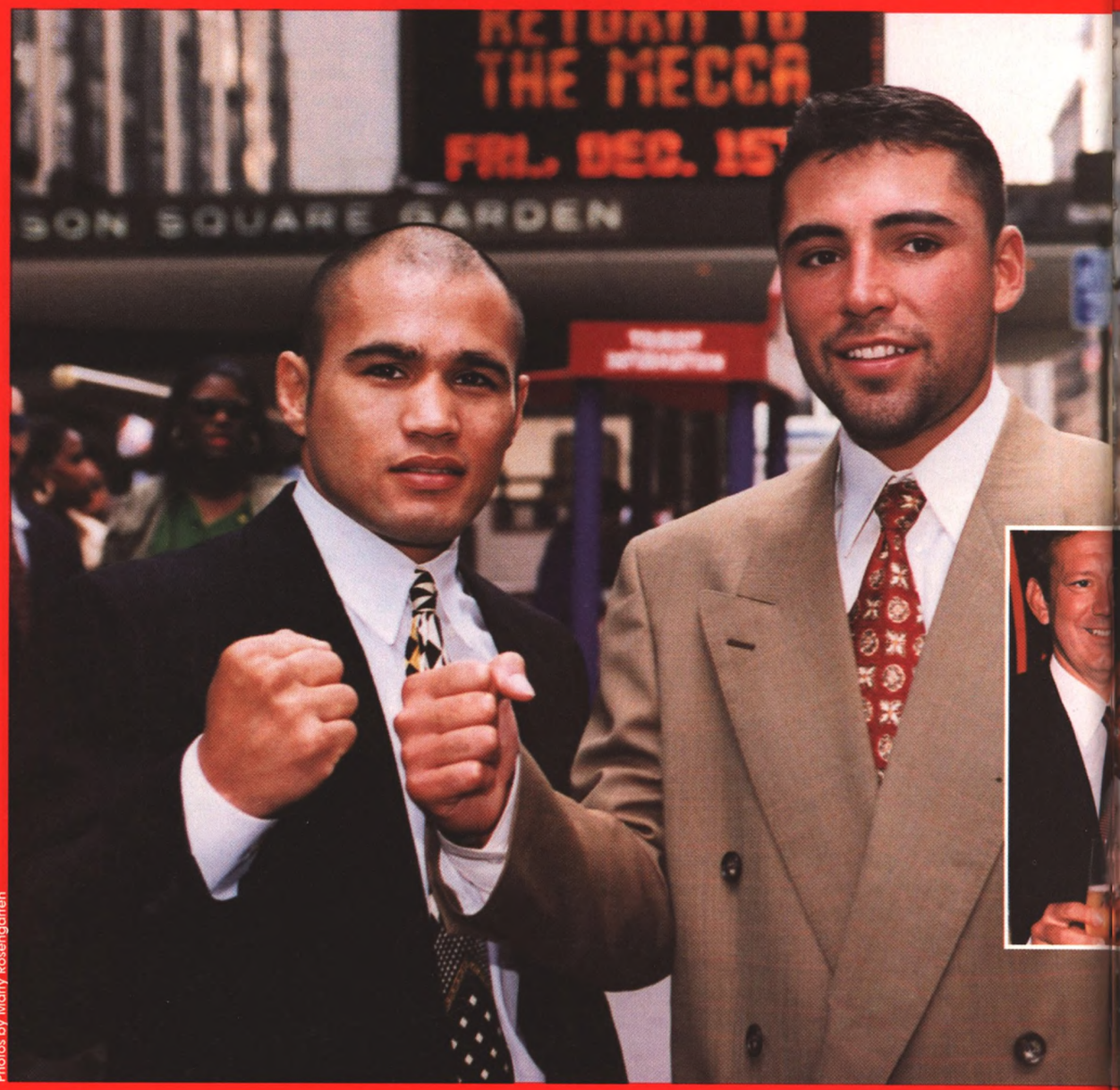
"I want everybody to see, even though they say I am old and should retire, I can still do it in the ring," said Chavez. "I'm still the Julio Cesar Chavez of old."

You couldn't prove it by his lackluster performance against Kamau.

—NC

THE LEIJA-DE LA HOYA SHOWDOWN

If Oscar Can Make It In New York ...



Photos by Marty Rosengarten

Toasting the return of big-time boxing to Madison Square Garden are New York Gov. George Pataki, Athletic Commission Chairman Floyd Patterson, and De La Hoya.

By Steve Farhood

New Yorkers have this thing against the denizens of the Left Coast. We can't help ourselves. People from Los Angeles pay for bottled water while *doing* lunch, leave Lakers games in the third quarter, and afford celebrity status to the likes of Kato Kaelin. People from Los Angeles regard John Grisham as high-brow literature. People from Los Angeles say "have a nice day." *Have a nice day?* What the hell is *that* supposed to mean? New Yorkers are much more comfortable with "get outta my face."

At Madison Square Garden on December 15, we're going to find out if people from Los Angeles can fight.

Oscar De La Hoya is from El-Ay, and his date at the Garden party, Jesse James Leija, is from Texas, but would fit perfectly in the Bronx. Despite the fact that De La Hoya's nickname is "The Golden Boy," the boxing fans of The Big Apple will root for him. But he better deliver. Sinatra's right: If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere. But if you don't measure up, you better take your act back to La-La Land, or whatever the hell surfboard town you came from.

De La Hoya's hot, and if he beats Leija, which he'll be heavily favored to do, he's a lock for Fighter of the Year. Since February, he's bested John-John Molina (W 12), Rafael Ruelas (KO 2), and Genaro Hernandez (KO 6), hardened world champions all. But you know what? We New Yorkers are difficult to impress. When Dustin Hoffman or Spike Lee or Candice

(Continued on page 57)

THE BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES (IN LAS VEGAS)

Only in the skewed world of professional boxing could a civil war be fought on foreign soil. In one of the most anticipated battles of the year, Oscar De La Hoya and Genaro Hernandez, a pair of unbeaten lightweights from Los Angeles, squared off on September 9—not at the Olympic Auditorium or the Great Western Forum, but at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

The pay-per-view showdown turned out to be anticlimactic, with injuries affecting both fighters. "Golden Boy" De La Hoya, 135, twisted his back while rising from his stool before the second round, and "Chicanito" Hernandez, 133, suffered a broken nose in the sixth. In considerable pain and experiencing breathing difficulties, Hernandez informed referee Richard Steele (USA) of his surrender immediately after the round.

At the time of the stoppage, De La Hoya led by scores of 58-56 (Chuck Giampa) and 59-55 (Mike Glienna and Jerry Roth). All three judges are from the USA.

"I've got a little girl and a wife, and I was thinking of my family," explained Hernandez, who was widely criticized for quitting. "Maybe if I had been winning the fight [I would have continued], but every time I went back to my corner, my brother [Rudy Hernandez, who is Genaro's trainer] told me I was losing every round."

Hernandez said his nose had first been injured in a sparring session with world-rated lightweight Shane Mosley two weeks before the De La Hoya bout.

Photo by Ray Bailey

Should Hernandez have quit? Who nose

This was a boxing match all the way, with the rapidly maturing De La Hoya, 19-0 (17), featuring a surprisingly effective defense. (Hernandez threw 350 punches to De La Hoya's 198, but landed only 82 of them.) Former junior lightweight champion Hernandez, 32-1-1 (16), kept the bout at a distance, but his jab was inaccurate, and his signature punch, a left hook to the body, was never a factor. For his part, the 22-year-old De La Hoya waited, then exploded in flurries, raking Hernandez in the last 15 seconds of the first round and pinning him to the ropes for a portion of the third.

De La Hoya fired his first uppercut early in the fourth, and Hernandez, 29, seemed hurt. He quickly recovered and boxed well throughout the fifth, scoring with lead hooks and rights. Both lightweights started quickly in the sixth, but after De La Hoya landed three consecutive uppercuts, one of which shattered his opponent's nose into 20 pieces, The Golden Boy assumed command. Before the bell, he added several powerful hooks, and for the first time, Hernandez appeared outgunned.

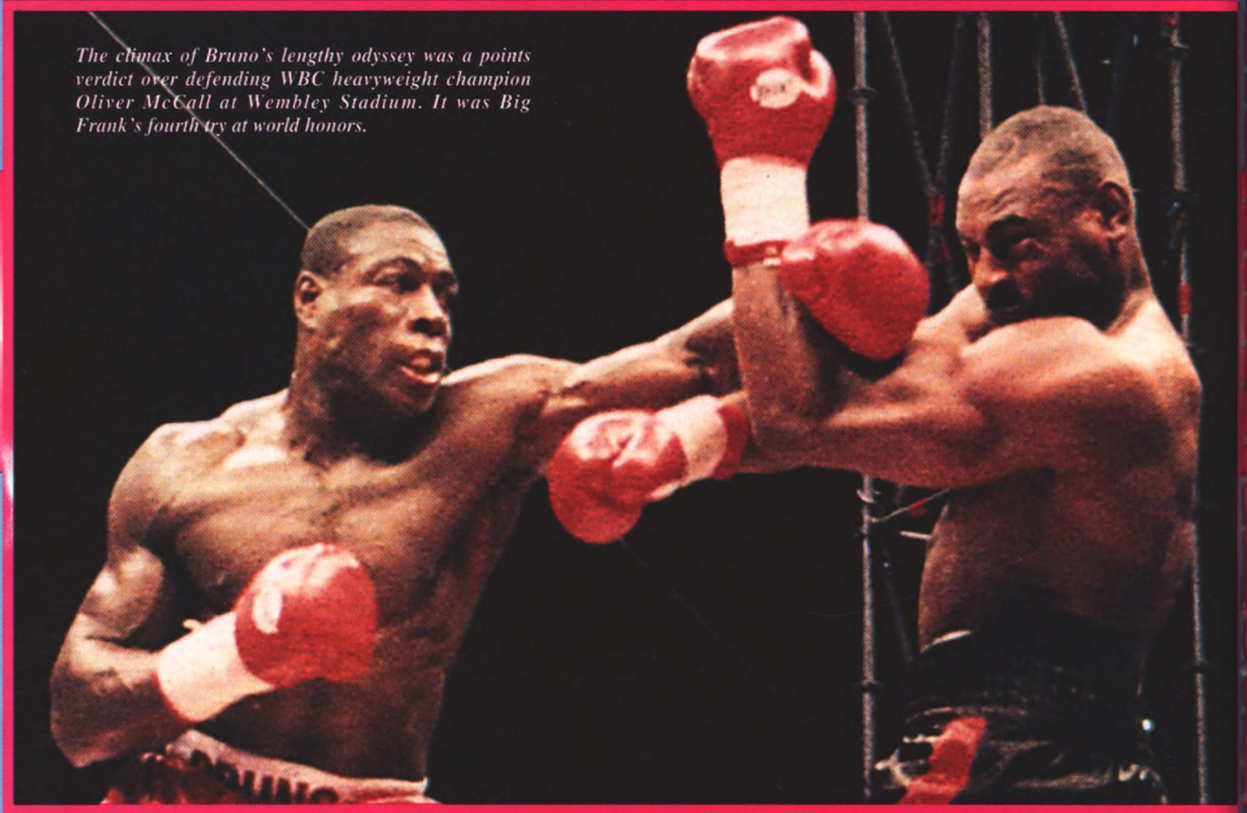
"I broke his nose and he couldn't take it," said De La Hoya.

With the civil war having been settled, De La Hoya looked forward to broader battles. Hernandez said he planned to fight on. He'll drop back down to junior lightweight and try for either the WBC or IBF titles.

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

FRANK BRUNO & CHRIS EUBANK

Opposites Moving In Opposite Directions



The climax of Bruno's lengthy odyssey was a points verdict over defending WBC heavyweight champion Oliver McCall at Wembley Stadium. It was Big Frank's fourth try at world honors.

After consecutive losses to Steve Collins, Chris Eubank can no longer refer to himself as "Simply The Best." Finding himself with few options, the enigmatic super middleweight will likely jump to light heavyweight.

Photo by Holly Stein/Allsport

By Brian Doogan

"This title will never change me. I'll still be the same old Frank. I won't turn into a person whose s___ don't stink no more."

–WBC heavyweight champion Frank Bruno

While Frank Bruno is a man whom you would least expect to be corrupted by recognition and riches, there was no disguising the sheer satisfaction that pumped through his veins after finally seizing a portion of the world heavyweight title. The fact that he beat up on an uninventive, uninspiring, and ostensibly unconcerned champion to do it must be brought into the equation. But even the most hard-bitten cynic would have to concede that if a fighter of Oliver McCall's frighteningly obvious limitations can rise from the ranks of sparring partner to heavyweight champion, then lovable, irresistible Frank deserves to have his dream realized, too.

Even after his moment of triumph, he felt impelled to reassure the British public that success—and by Bruno's measurement of his own worth, success would be the acquisition of a world title belt—would not change him. The regard in which Bruno has been held by the British public for more than a decade is difficult to define until you know the man.

As a boxer, he never seemed likely to dispel the notion that when a British heavyweight challenges for the world title, the only danger to his opponent is that he get out of the way before the Brit drops on him. But as a man, Bruno is one of the most genuine people you could come across, the type who does not go out of his way to be liked, for he does not have to. It just happens. It has happened naturally for the last 10 years on the BBC's *Sports Personality Of The Year* program, when Bruno, despite having recorded no particular sporting achievement, has stolen a large segment of the show. What you see is what you get, and until Bruno overcame McCall, that was usually a nice guy who finished second.

In his own inimitable way, Chris Eubank has always, too, remained true to himself throughout a turbulent fistic career. But no one would ever claim that with the bomber from Brighton, what you see is what you get. An enigma in the ring and out, he has experienced a love-hate relationship with most fight followers in Britain: They hate him, and he loves it. The rest remain largely indifferent to a performer who styles himself "Simply The Best," but has often fought the worst and struggled to beat them. The irony is that, unlike Bruno, when Eubank has encountered the best, he has always managed to raise his game to higher echelons, to visit that plateau reserved exclusively for champion fighters. Against Michael Watson in their second pulsating and ultimately tragic collision, Eubank found the energy from somewhere within his rapidly wilting body to throw a wicked uppercut that separated Watson from his senses for longer than any of us, and especially Eubank, considered comfortable. It brought him a victory grasped from the winds of defeat, but made him more vehement in his denunciation of boxing than ever before.

"For anyone who says that this is not a mug's game," he said, "and that I am not a mug to take the risk, I would say, 'Tell that to Michael Watson [who suffered severe brain injuries in the bout].' It is distasteful, it is barbaric, it is abhorrent. But I do it. I do it for the money, no other rewards. I know that in the heat of the moment, I am ready, willing, and able to lay down my life. But from the sober point of view, that is a very unhealthy thing to do, and if confronted, I would choose not to. I just want to do what I am paid to do and go home to my family. I am a prostitute who takes punishment for money."

In his most searching moments, Bruno has thought about the perils inherent in professional boxing. (In the July 1995 edition of THE RING, he conveyed his attitude on the subject following Nigel Benn's gripping but calamitous contest with Gerald McClellan.) The danger of the sport is not something he likes to dwell upon, and despite the financial windfall set to come his way after claiming a slice of the world heavyweight title, money has never been his motivation.

"They could pay me £20-million tax-free and it would not give me the feeling of satisfaction that winning the title has," he said. "If I never walk again, if I get run over, get shot, or die of thirst while lost in the middle of some desert, it's down in history that I'm world heavyweight champion. Nobody can take that away from me."

The record books will state that seven days after Bruno finally shook loose that albatross from around his neck, Eubank suffered a second consecutive defeat at the possessed fists of Ireland's Steve Collins *(see sidebars)*. And between the lines will be contained the message that the careers of two of the most charismatic performers in British boxing history have come full circle. Bruno rose like a phoenix from the ashes to realize his dream long after most observers had written him off, and Eubank met

FOURTH-TIME LUCKY

At the fourth time of asking, Frank Bruno, 247¾, London, pried the WBC heavyweight title from the slack grip of Oliver McCall, 234¾, Chicago, before 30,000 supporters at Wembley Stadium. It was McCall's second defense of the title he won from another Englishman, Lennox Lewis.

The suspicion that Bruno could win against a man who never measured up on paper to Tim Witherspoon, Mike Tyson, or Lewis (Bruno's previous title fight conquerors) was strengthened only moments into the bout. His key weapon, a jab, was an immediate factor, and when a big right met McCall's face toward the end of the opening round, the American almost visited the canvas for the first time in his pro career. It did leave him with an ugly mouse under his left eye and prompted the crowd into rapturous encouragement.

The second round was much the same, with a reluctant McCall getting tagged and Bruno constantly advancing with malevolent intent. His shots were hard and hurtful, but after that initial right, the 30-year-old McCall looked capable of weathering the early Bruno storm.

After getting through the third round, McCall, 26-6 (18), finally began to throw some purposeful leather. Bruno, 40-4 (38), was breathing heavily, and those who had witnessed his previous title tilts feared the worst. McCall took the fifth and shared the sixth, appearing dangerous for the first time in the fight. Bruno was even forced to turn southpaw in the middle rounds to keep McCall off him.

But the champion failed to apply enough pressure, allowing Bruno to catch a second wind and capture the ninth with some meaty combinations and a strong overhand right. The 10th was Bruno's as well, made sure of with a perfect right uppercut that caught McCall on the jaw. But 10 hard-fought rounds had taken their toll on Bruno's muscular body, which began to break down in the 11th.

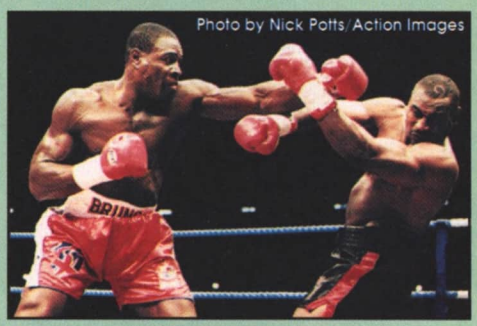


Photo by Nick Potts/Action Images

Bruno had McCall off-balance all fight

McCall attacked while Bruno tried at every opportunity to tie him up, which he was allowed to do rather excessively by referee Tony Perez (USA). The final three minutes were sheer desperation for Bruno as he clung on to his opponent. At the midpoint, it looked like one decent shot would finish the challenger. But Bruno evaded McCall's belated bombs and somehow saw out the final bell. If McCall had launched his assault sooner, it might have been a different scenario.

The decision was unanimous, with Newton Campos (Brazil) and Ray Solis (Mexico) scoring 117-111 and Malcolm Bulner (Australia) 115-113. THE RING had Bruno in front by 117-113.

–BD

SIMPLY SECOND-BEST—AGAIN

As determined as any Celtic warrior has ever been, Steve Collins, 167, Dublin, Ireland, charged forward for 12 torrid rounds to outpoint Chris Eubank, 167½, Brighton, England, before 20,000 euphoric fans at Pairc Ui Chaoimh in Cork, Ireland. It was Collins' second win over Eubank this year.

The Irishman, whose style, career, and self-belief have been transformed since joining forces with hypnotherapist Tony Quinn, began the bout like an out-of-control tornado. He rushed across the ring and fell over through the sheer momentum of swinging with a wild left hook. It seemed he'd barely be able to last half the fight at such a pace, but, amazingly, he maintained the tempo for the distance.

Eubank appeared sluggish, and this was his most unconvincing top-level fight. He has consistently struggled against mediocre opposition, but he usually could be counted on to come up trumps. Not this time. Collins' complete control of the fight prompted TV analyst and former world featherweight champion Barry McGuigan to write Eubank off as a world-class performer.

Collins, 30-3 (6), took the first five rounds strictly through aggression. Eubank, 43-2-2 (21), rallied in the sixth, and a clash of heads in round seven opened a nasty gash over the Irishman's left eye. Some excellent cornerwork staunched the flow of blood, and Collins fought hard to get back into the bout.

Sensing the fight was slipping away, Eubank launched a rear-guard effort in the 10th and 11th, but Collins' experience brought him through the storm. Vicious blows were exchanged in the final round. The bell, however, intervened before a knockdown blow could be landed.

A split decision verdict stunned most ringside observers, who thought Collins had won easily. Aaron Kizer (USA) and Paul Thomas (England) scored 115-113 for Collins, but Genaro Rodriguez (USA) had it 115-114 for Eubank. THE RING scored 116-113 for Collins.

The referee was Ismail Fernandez (Puerto Rico).

It's anticipated Collins will next face another Englishman, WBC super middleweight champion Nigel Benn.

—BD

Photo by Holly Stein/Allsport

For 12 rounds, Collins stayed in Eubank's face

his match in the fired-up Collins. While Bruno has steadily but undramatically improved over the years, Eubank has regressed. Two disparate careers, two disparate characters.

"Chris Eubank comes across as ostentatious, arrogant, self-centered, and an individual with a very high opinion of himself," said former world featherweight champion Barry McGuigan, still one of the most popular figures in Irish and British boxing. "That would be the consensus opinion of him. But behind the facade there's a certain amount of pretense. He feels it's necessary to have that personality. However, he is generous to people around him, scrupulously honest, and obviously reasonably intelligent. I know him quite well, and beneath the pretentious front, he's not a bad fella."

Part of Eubank's problem is that he has always been misunderstood. If he were to be frank, then none of us would deny that boxing is, as Eubank has called it, a mug's game. That is not to say those who participate are mugs. But you have to wonder if it can ever be worthwhile for a man to lay down his life or take another's away in the pursuit of some intangible goal. Noble, chivalrous, brave—all fighters are. But as Eubank says, ask Watson if it was worth it. Ask the mothers who have been red-eyed with anxiety at the thought of their sons ducking between the ropes. Ask those who have walked out of an arena, head bowed with guilt, having witnessed the termination of a young

(Continued on page 59)

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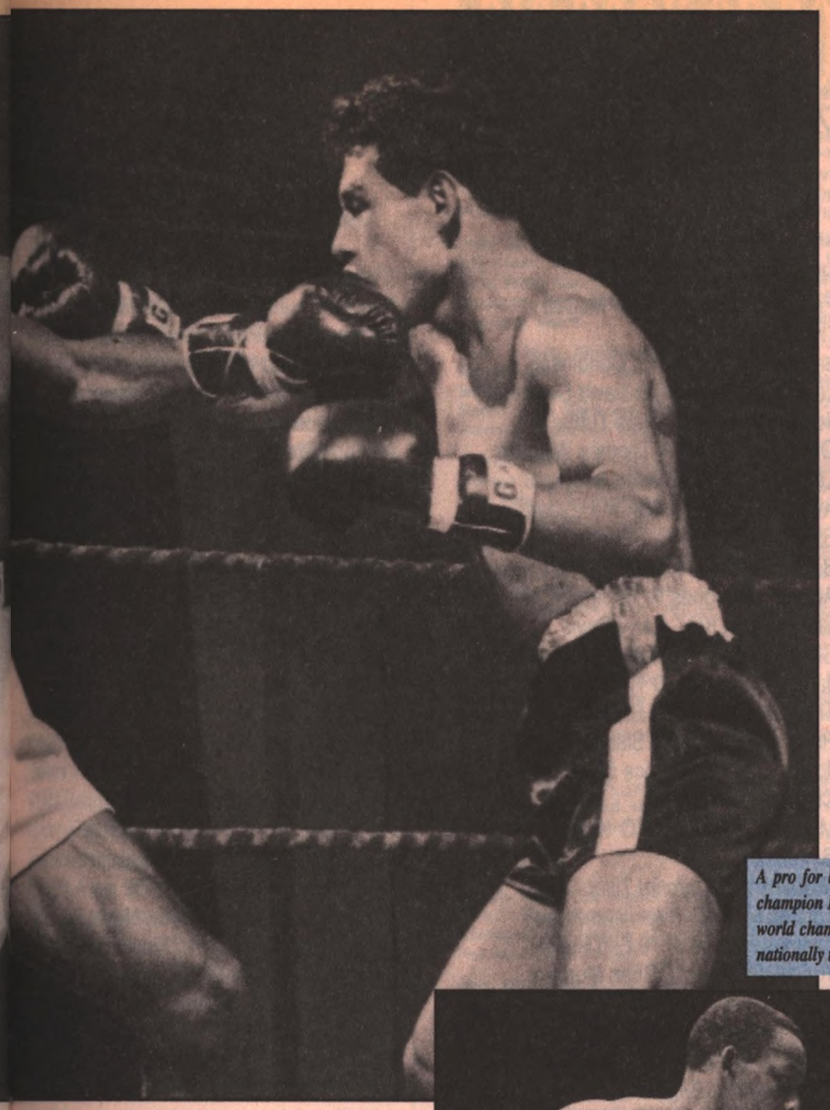
FORMER JR. WELTER CHAMP EDDIE PERKINS

AROUND THE WORLD IN 20 YEARS



admirers told him if someone tossed a handful of rice at him from just a couple feet away, "not a grain would touch me."

"It's an art," said the man who became interested in boxing when, at age seven, he heard a Joe Louis heavyweight championship match on the radio.

Born in Clarksdale, Mississippi, Perkins and his family moved to Chicago when he was just a year old. As a boy, he hung out with a group of neighborhood kids who would put on battered old boxing gloves and spar in his backyard. "I'd be the first one to put on the gloves with anybody," he said.

One day, a man named Johnny Jackson, who would become Perkins' first manager, visited his home and asked to go a few rounds with him.

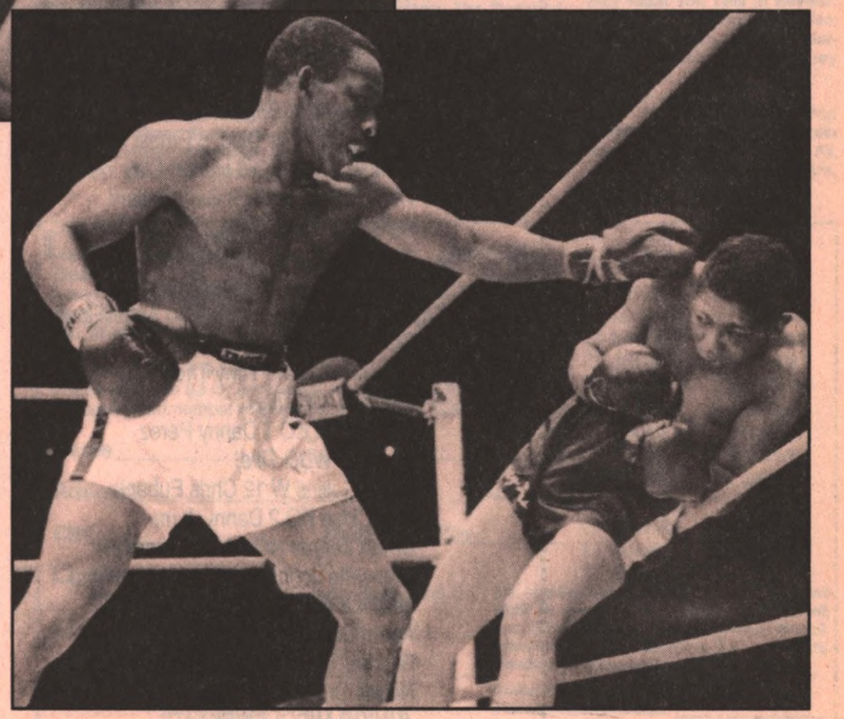
"He liked the way I was moving," recalled Perkins, "and said, 'You sure got a lot of heart. You really want to be a fighter?'"

Perkins told him, "I want to be the *world champ.*"

Jackson took him to a Chicago gym owned by Joe Louis himself, and Perkins

(Continued on page 61)

A pro for less than two years, Perkins stopped Mexican lightweight champion Baby Vasquez in December 1958 (left). In 1960, the future world champion halted former world title challenger Joey Lopes in a nationally televised bout from Chicago (below).



By Pete Ehrmann

The sun has not yet peeked over Lake Michigan, and on the north side of Chicago, a small, lean man is running the streets like a dedicated prize fighter preparing for a championship match.

But 57-year-old Eddie Perkins has been there and done that. This morning, the former junior welterweight champion of the world is delivering the *Chicago Tribune* on the run, in training for his latest goal: to live to be 100 years old.

The sport of boxing and a ripe old age don't always go together. Getting hit in the head, medical researchers are finding out, can lead to a condition called pugilistica dementia, whose symptoms—gradual loss of memory, disorientation—are very similar to Alzheimer's disease. Among recent well-known victims of this syndrome is Jerry Quarry, the top heavyweight contender of the '60s and '70s, who had 67 professional fights. Quarry is only 50 years old.

Perkins had 97 pro fights, but he made it a point to get hit as little as possible. His specialty was making the other guy miss.

"By making a man miss me, that saved me from taking a lot of punishment," said the 5'5" Perkins, who weighs only 15 pounds more than when he ruled the 140-pound class.

He is particularly proud of two of his 10-round bouts in which, to his recollection, his opponents "didn't lay a glove on me one time." Perkins was so evasive in the ring that

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Frank Bruno W 12 Oliver McCall
(Wins WBC Title)
Larry Holmes W 10 Ed Donaldson
Jeremy Williams KO 5 David Sewell
Jorge Valdez W 10 Nate Tubbs
Obed Sullivan KO 4 Thomas Williams
Larry Donald KO 2 Brian Sargent
Alex Stewart KO 5 Darren Hayden
Shannon Briggs KO 1 Sherman Griffin
Bobby Czyz W 10 Jeff Williams
Adilson Rodrigues W 12 Johnny Nelson
Phil Jackson KO 2 Larry Davis
Shane Sutcliffe KO 7 Marcellus Brown
James Gaines W 10 Tim Noble
Tim Tomashek KO 5 Brian Yates
Ron Lyle KO 2 Dave Slaughter
Joe Bugner W 12 Vince Cervi

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Marcelo Dominguez KO 12 Reinaldo Gimenez
(Retains WBC Interim Title)
Torsten May KO 5 Art Jimmerson
Thomas Hearns W 10 Earl Butler
Tony LaRosa W 10 Brian Morgan
Ray Berry W 10 Randall Yonker

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Virgil Hill W 12 Drake Thadzi
(Retains WBC Title)
James Toney W Disq. 5 Ernest Mateen
Montell Griffin KO 6 Hunter Clay
Ramon Santos KO 9 Gary Ballard
Asludin Umarov KO 11 Vinson Durham
Asludin Umarov KO 1 Michael Belcher
Andrea Magi KO 5 Karoli Kovacs
Guy Waters KO 8 Armando Angel Rodriguez

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Roy Jones KO 3 Tony Thornton
(Retains IBF Title)
Nigel Benn KO 7 Danny Perez
(Retains WBC Title)
Steve Collins W 12 Chris Eubank
Ray Close KO 2 Danny Juma
Daren Zenner KO 4 Marc Simmons
Glencoffe Johnson KO 4 Melvin Wynn

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Aaron Davis W 10 Simon Brown
Rodney Toney D 12 William Joppy
Neville Brown W 8 Trevor Ambrose

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Terry Norris KO 9 David Gonzales
(Retains WBC Title)
Andrew Council KO 9 Buddy McGirt
Andrew Council KO 3 Scott Dixon
Bronco McKart KO 1 Wendell Hall
Troy Waters KO 8 Alain Bonnamie
Anthony Jones KO 7 Tom Younan
Anthony Stephens W 10 Darryl Woods
Godfrey Nyakana W 10 Darryl Lattimore
Tocker Pudwill KO 3 Javier Mendoza
Robert McCracken W 10 Jorge Sclarandi
Rene Arredondo KO 10 Jeff Leggett
Chris Pyatt KO 5 James Gary Mason
Bahre Ahmedi KO 4 Steve Foster

WELTERWEIGHTS
Vince Phillips KO 1 Omar Flores
Eamonn Loughran KO 6 Tony Gannarelli
Joey Gamache KO 4 Danny Mason
Joey Gamache KO 1 Jose Ruiz
Freddie Ladd W 10 Darryll Tyson
Corey Johnson KO 4 Steve Valadez
Alfonso Sanchez W 10 Hector Lopez
Gary Murray W 12 Buck Smith
Javier Altimirano KO 4 Ricky Hesia
Marco A. Lizarraga W 10 Fidel Avendano
Chris Saunders W 12 Del Bryan
Lonnie Smith KO 3 Shon Crowdus
Santiago Samaniego KO 3 Antonio Ojeda
Kip Diggs KO 8 Frankie Mitchell

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Julio Cesar Chavez W 12 David Kamau
(Retains WBC Title)
Jake Rodriguez KO 8 Homer Gibbins
Khalid Rahilou KO 9 Soren Sondergaard
Dingaan Thobela KO 8 Rocky Balboa
Leonardo Mas KO 3 Gregorio Perez
Sharmba Mitchell KO 1 Ray Collins
Shannon Taylor KO 2 Willy Wise

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Oscar De La Hoya KO 6 Genaro Hernandez
Eduardo Molina KO 3 Luis Flores
Ditau Molefyane KO 3 Chen Roongroj
Tonito Rivera KO 2 Jose Ferrer

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Reggie Tuur KO 11 Carlos Mendoza
Frankie Toledo KO 2 Julio Rivera
Frankie Toledo KO 2 Tony Montana
Masuaki Takeda KO 9 Jae Won Choi
Israel Cardona W 12 Jeff Mayweather
Julien Lorcy W 10 Jose Sanabria
Jimmi Bredahl W 8 Santos Lopez
John Brown KO 3 Lionel Butler

James Crayton KO 1 Saul Duran
James Crayton KO 7 Gabriel Castro

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Manuel Medina W 12 Alejandro Gonzalez
(Wins WBC Title)
Wilfredo Vasquez W 10 Pablo Valenzuela
Kevin Kelley D 12 Bones Adams
Welcome Ncita KO 4 Peter Harris
Yuji Watanabe KO 4 Cris Saguid
Juan Marquez KO 1 Miguel Rodriguez
Daniel Ward Tech. Dec. 8 Hugo Soto
Victor Llerena KO 8 Alfonso Ortega

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

Vuyani Bungu W 12 Laureano Ramirez
(Retains IBF Title)
Orlando Canizales KO 7 Danny Aponte
Junior Jones KO 3 Jesus Chavez
Erik Morales KO 4 Alberto Martinez
Johnny Bredahl W 8 Kiki Rodriguez

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Veeraphol Sahaprom W 12 Daorung MP Petroleum
(Wins WBA Title)
Willy Salazar KO 7 Danny Romero
(Non-Title Bout)
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi KO 9 Noe Santillana
Paulie Ayala W 12 Sergio Millan
Khaoyai Mahasarakam W 10 Hasan Udin
Jose Luis Bueno KO 3 Arturo Martinez
Victor Rabanales KO 8 Rafael Marquez
Cruz Carbajal KO 2 Jose Luis Bueno

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Joel Luna Zarate KO 10 Juan Luis Torres

FLYWEIGHTS

Yuri Arbachakov W 12 Chatchai Elite-Gym
(Retains WBC Title)
Mark Johnson KO 4 Marcos Pacheco
Melchor Cob Castro KO 8 Francisco Mendoza
Alejandro Montiel KO 9 Raul Rios
Chokchai 3-K Battery KO 2 Rex Remias
Luigi Camputaro W 12 Salvatore Fanni
Enrique Orozco W 8 Armando Diaz

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

Hi Yong Choi W 12 Keiji Yamaguchi
(Retains WBA Title)
Michael Carbajal KO 3 Goya Garcia
Carlos Murillo KO 6 Rafael Orozco
Eric Griffin KO 9 Gerardo Garcia
Antonio Perez Benitez KO 3 Joma Gamboa

Note: In last month's issue, we reported that heavyweight Martin Foster kayoed Obed Sullivan in the eighth round. The result was subsequently changed to a no-decision.

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER of the MONTH

Slick and quick, but more likely to flick a jab or trick an opponent than hit him with a brick, Mexican featherweight Medina has never been able to stick. More often than not, his lack of power forces the judges to pick. For him to click, the trick is to win convincingly.

Was there rhyme or reason, then, for the former IBF champion to have received the nod over defending WBC champion Alejandro Gonzalez in their nationally televised bout in Sacramento? After all, it was an extremely close fight, with the far busier Medina moving and boxing throughout, and Gonzalez landing the more telling blows. The decision was split, and the only conclusion that can be drawn is that fighters with Medina's style are always gonna lose to some foes.

And lick others.

• • • •

Manuel Medina

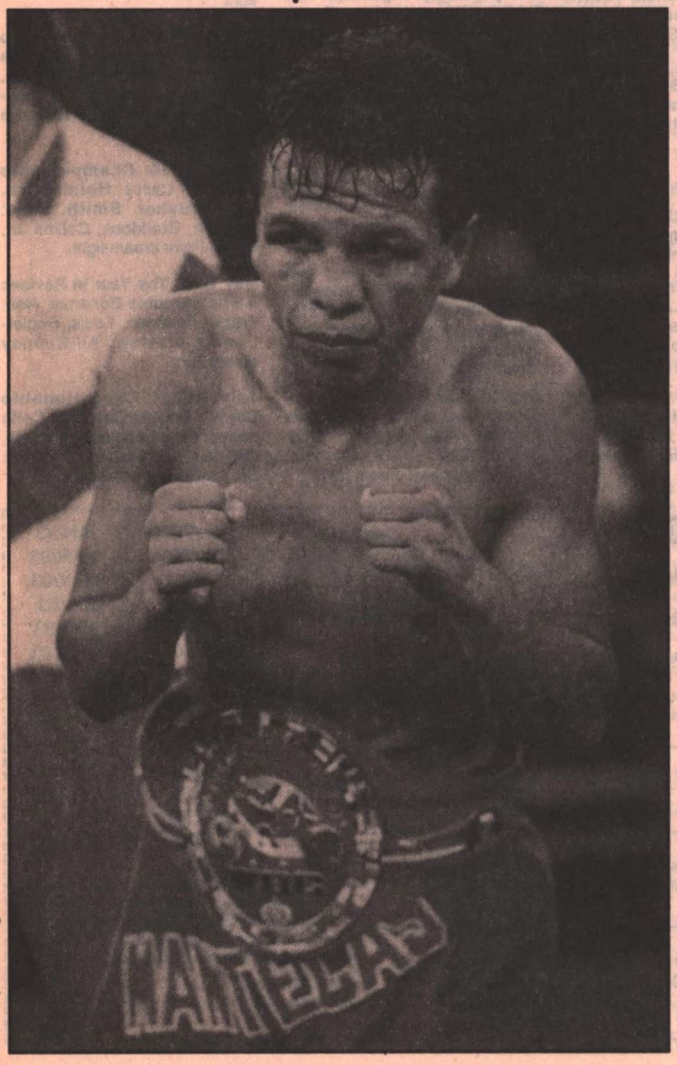


Photo by Tom Hogan

Pernell Whitaker W 12 Gary Jacobs

Atlantic City, New Jersey: WBC welterweight champion Whitaker secured the top spot in the pound-for-pound rankings shortly after abandoning his stick-and-move style for the far more fan-friendly box-on-a-dime approach. But most great fighters are versatile and adaptable, and it wasn't until "Sweet Pea" summoned some of his old moves that he began to dominate plucky mandatory contender Jacobs before a crowd of 3,083 at Convention Center. It was Whitaker's fourth defense.

After five rounds, Whitaker, 147, Norfolk, Virginia, was no better than even with fellow southpaw Jacobs, 147, Glasgow, Scotland. The challenger was undeserving of his status *(see "Round One" on page 8)*, but nonetheless a far better fighter than the 140-pounder who, in 1989, traveled across the pond and lost badly to Buddy McGirt in New York City. He rattled Whitaker by awkwardly leading with straight lefts and then instantly tying up the champion, who had few opportunities to counter or fight inside.

"All I had to do was stay on top of him," said Jacobs, who finished with purple bruises and swelling around both eyes and a right hand he buried in a bucket of ice. "But he stepped up the pace and I couldn't match him."

Whitaker began to find his range in the sixth, and moving laterally in the seventh, he repeatedly scored with lead lefts. Jacobs' frustration was evident in the eighth, when he missed wildly just before the bell. Sweet Pea was the much sharper puncher in the ninth and 10th. To his credit, however, the 29-year-old Jacobs didn't lose his focus, even when forced into a defensive mode.

"As good fighters often do, we have to figure out our opponents," said Whitaker. "It took me four, five rounds to really get into the fight."

Early in the 11th, a flash knockdown that referee Ron Lipton (USA) could easily have ruled a slip did nothing to switch the momentum back to Jacobs, 41-6 (23). Whitaker finally broke through in the 12th. Shortly after Jacobs lost a point for holding, he sagged and fell after swallowing a vicious left. Whitaker, 36-1-1 (15), followed with several additional lefts, and Jacobs went down for a second time just before the final bell, which sounded while he was still seated on the canvas.

Whitaker's big finish widened his lead on the cards. The decision was unanimous, with Gus Mercurio (Australia) scoring 118-109, Takeaki Kanaya (Japan) 117-109, and Tamotosu Tomihara (USA) 118-107. After scoring the 12th round 10-6, THE RING had Whitaker in front by 117-110.

The bout was televised by HBO.

Promoter: Main Events

(8-26-95)

Steve Farhood

Philip Holiday KO 11 Miguel Julio

Sun City, Bophuthatswana: Holiday reserved the best performance of his career for the night that it counted the most, capturing the vacant IBF lightweight title by stopping Julio before an estimated crowd of 3,500 at the Sun City Superbowl. The title had been vacated by Oscar De La Hoya, who chose to fight Genaro Hernandez instead of mandatory challenger Julio.

Julio, 134, Sucre, Colombia, entered the ring with the reputation of a knockout specialist, but at no time was Holiday, 133, Benoni, South Africa, particularly threatened. The 25-year-old local favorite weathered Julio's early onslaught, which petered out before the end of the third round, then followed his plan to stay in close and apply pressure. The strategy worked, with Julio, 25, rarely finding room to launch his vaunted right hand or capitalize on his five-inch reach advantage.

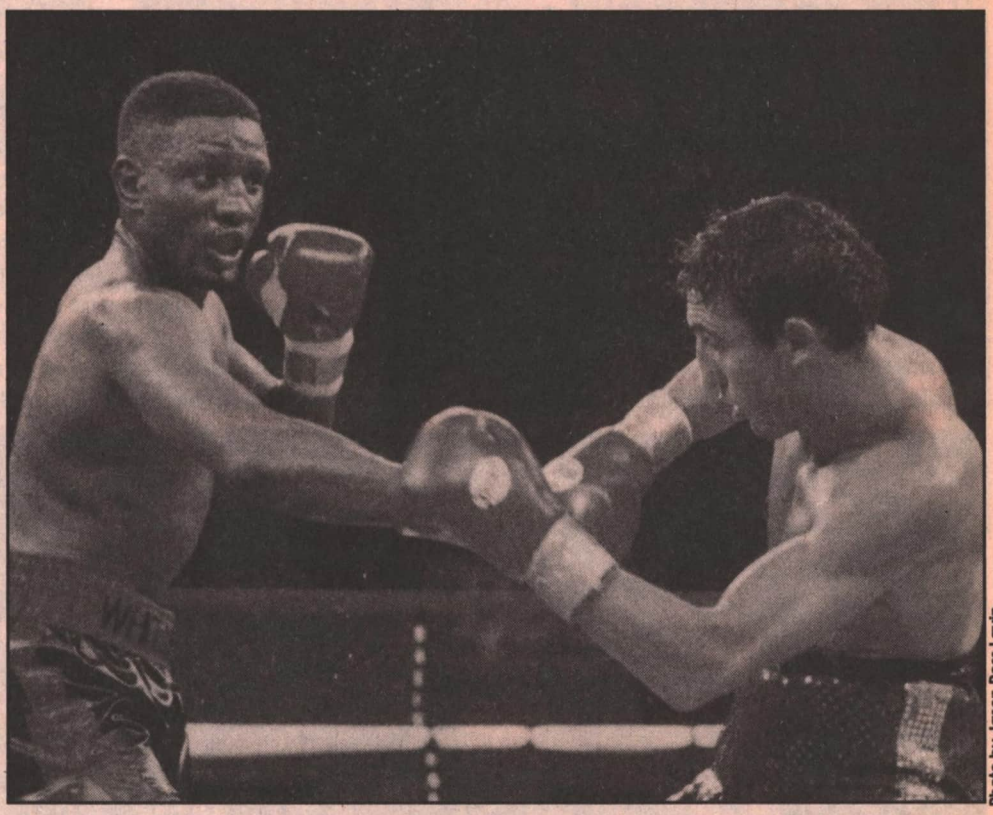


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Once Whitaker figured Jacobs out ...

Usually a slow starter, Holiday showed Julio no respect from the opening bell, attacking the body with combinations. Julio, who proved very limited, had no answers.

Holiday, 25-0 (14), was cut over the left eye in round three and bled from the nose in the sixth, but the cornerwork of former welterweight contender Harold Volbrecht, who has guided Holiday from the start, prevented any problems. Holiday was in control throughout, and late in the 10th a right uppercut dropped Julio, 28-2-1 (27). Following the mandatory count of referee Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa), Holiday landed one more right, at which point Julio was saved by the bell. The Colombian did not leave his corner at the start of the 11th round.

The judges were Alfred Buqwana (South Africa), Dave Parris (England), and Luis Pabon (Puerto Rico).

South Africa's roster of world champions now includes Holiday, junior

featherweight Vuyani Bungu (IBF) and bantamweight Mbulelo Botile (IBF). All three fighters are promoted by Rodney Berman.

Promoter: Rodney Berman (Golden Gloves Promotions)

(8-19-95)

Ron Jackson

Terry Norris KO 9 David Gonzales

Las Vegas, Nevada: Firmly focused, WBC super welterweight champion Norris began a campaign to recapture past glories by methodically wearing down a game Gonzales on the Chavez-Kamau undercard at The Mirage hotel-casino. It was the first defense of Norris' third reign.

Norris, 151, Campo, California, fought just 28 days after regaining the title from Luis Santana. He was cool and calculating throughout, choosing to box the unorthodox Gonzales, 152, Houston, Texas, who pushed the champion to the canvas or through the ropes in the second, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth rounds. All the effective punching, however, was done by Norris.

The tone was set in the first round, when Norris set up Gonzales with a jab, then drove him to the canvas with a straight right to the jaw. Gonzales is a rough and tough bodypuncher, but with no answer for Norris' superior hand and foot speed, he opted for the clutch-and-clinch approach.

Norris registered his second knockdown in the fifth, again with a right hand. Still, Gonzales fought back, which surprised the champion. "He sucked it up; I take my hat off to him," said Norris.

Norris subsequently featured side-to-side movement, raking a tiring Gonzales with head-snapping three- and four-punch salvos in the seventh and eighth. Gonzales, 40-5-1 (23), was still willing to trade at the start of the ninth, but Norris, 40-6 (25), marked the beginning of the end by stringing together a seven-punch array of hooks, jabs, and uppercuts. Several punches later, Norris struck with two rights and a pair of lefts, and with Gonzales absorbing shots along the ropes, referee Richard Steele (USA) waved it off at the 2:59 mark.

"It didn't matter what time was left in the round," explained Steele. "He still had three rounds to go, and he was taking some heavy punches."

Norris earned $200,000. Gonzales, a welterweight who took the bout on 10 days notice, pocketed $50,000.

The judges were Jerry Roth (USA), Angel Luis Guzman (Puerto Rico), and Herbert Minn (USA).

Promoter: Don King

(9-16-95)

Jack Welsh

Willy Salazar KO 7 Danny Romero

Las Vegas, Nevada: A loser in 21 of 63 career fights over a 16-year career, Salazar emerged as a spoiler, stopping IBF flyweight champion Romero in a non-title bout at The Aladdin hotel-casino.

The 32-year-old Salazar, 114, Guadalajara, Mexico, caught Romero, 119, Albuquerque, New Mexico, with a heavy right hand halfway through the first round, breaking the champion's left orbital cavity. The injury required surgery, which was performed four days later in Albuquerque. Romero is expected to be shelved the rest of this year.

By the end of the opening round, Romero's left eye was almost closed.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Norris rarely missed against Gonzales

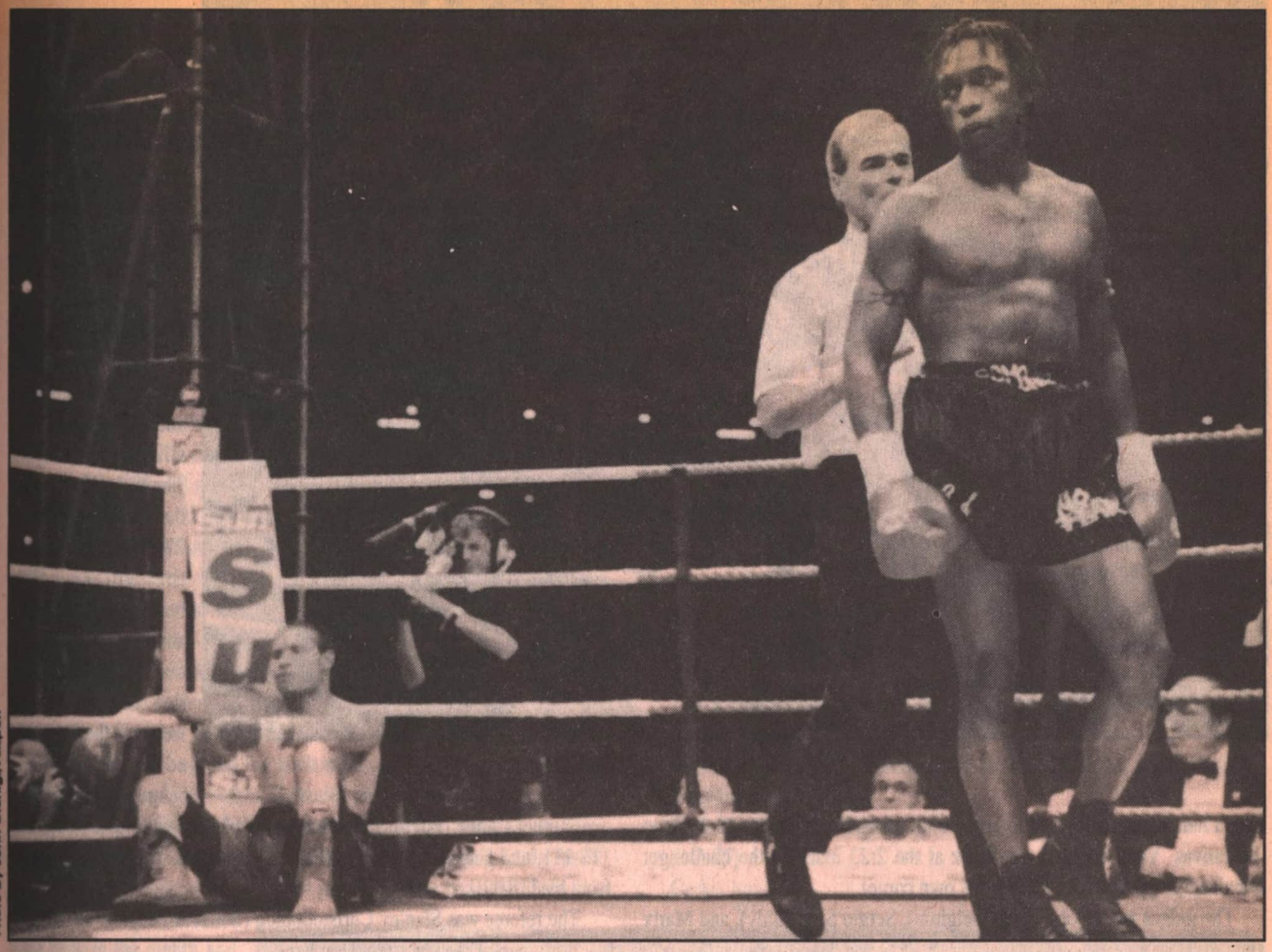


Photo by John Gichigi/Allsport

Benn provided Perez with a cozy seat

A one-eyed fighter from the third round on, he fought bravely and almost turned the fight in the fourth, when he drove Salazar, 42-21-1 (28), into the ropes with two overhand rights. The 21-year-old punching sensation pounced like a jaguar, and by the round's end, Salazar returned unsteadily to his corner.

Dr. Margaret Goodman examined Romero after the fifth, sixth, and seventh rounds, and despite the fact that the champion was forcing the action, she told referee Joe Cortez (USA) to call a halt after the seventh. At the time of the stoppage, Romero, 25-1 (22), led narrowly on all three cards. The judges were Patricia Jarman, Chuck Giampa, and Dalby Shirley, all from the USA.

"I felt I was winning the fight," said a disappointed Romero. "Salazar wasn't going to catch me again. I felt comfortable. We had only two more rounds to go [actually three], so they should have let us finish. Next time I'll knock him out, and there *will* be a next time."

The bout was televised by ESPN.

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

(9-8-95)

Jack Welsh

Nigel Benn KO 7 Danny Perez

London, England: Class told as "Dark Destroyer" Benn caught up with and finally stopped capable substitute Perez to retain the WBC super middleweight title on the Bruno-McCall undercard at Wembley Stadium. It was Benn's ninth defense.

Workmanlike and careful, Benn, 166¼, Ilford, England, rarely blazed out of control, but produced sufficient fury to keep Perez, 167, Albuquerque, New Mexico, under wraps for most of the fight. The champion had his customary scary moment in the fifth, when the American, who subbed for Steve Little, connected with a right that had Benn retreating in ungainly fashion. But Benn quickly recovered and finished off his brave and resilient opponent two rounds later.

In the opening round, the crowd cheered every blow Benn landed, as well as quite a few he missed. But some excellent bodyshots really did find the mark, and Perez was clearly distressed when they rapped home. A right uppercut also got through in the second, as Benn continued with his powerful body attack.

Perez was plainly outgunned, but he knew how to handle himself and clinched whenever necessary. But Benn kept a constant stream of punches coming his way, and no matter how hard he tried, the challenger couldn't avoid them all.

A booming right at the start of the fifth shook Perez to his boots, and he wisely elected to take the refuge of a short trip to the canvas. He rose at the eight-count of referee Mickey Vann (England), and as Benn came in to bring matters to a devastating conclusion, Perez, 25, measured him with a perfect right on the point of the chin. Benn's legs turned to jelly and unconsciously dragged him halfway back across the ring, where he crashed into the ropes. He bobbed and weaved until his head cleared.

More cautious in the sixth, the 31-year-old Benn, 42-2-1 (35), failed to land a notable blow, but when he got his man in trouble in the seventh

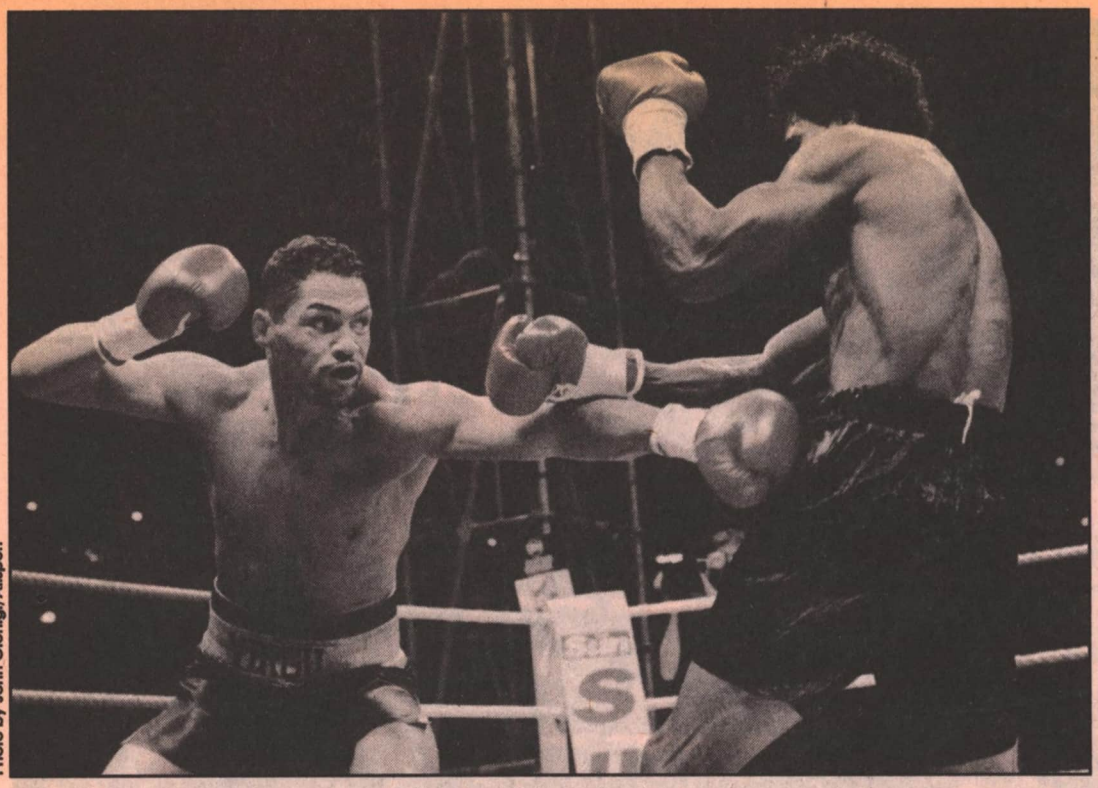


Photo by John Gichigi/Allsport

Hill defeated Thadzi in the usual way

with a hard right, he refused to let up until bludgeoning Perez, 18-4 (5), to the canvas. Vann counted out Perez at the 2:23 mark as the challenger remained propped on one knee in his own corner.

The judges were Bob Logist (Belgium), Sergio Silvi (Italy), and Marty Denkin (USA).

Benn once again called for a showdown with IBF 168-pound champion Roy Jones, but it is anticipated he'll next defend against either Little or Ireland's Steve Collins.

Promoters: Frank Warren, Don King
(9-2-95)
Brian Doogan

Virgil Hill W 12 Drake Thadzi

London, England: A technically superior Hill made heavy weather of a seemingly routine defense, but gained control in the later rounds to claim a comfortable and unanimous decision and retain the WBA light heavyweight title on the Bruno-McCall undercard at Wembley Stadium. It was the eighth defense of Hill's second reign.

As usual, Hill, 174½, Bismarck, North Dakota, counted on his jab, but he failed miserably to follow it up often enough with hooks or crosses. Thadzi, 173¾, Moncton, New Brunswick, via Lilongwe, Malawi, was dangerous with his right hand, but was reluctant to vary his attack, and Hill was able to guess the challenger's moves. Thadzi tired in the later rounds, which was when Hill assumed absolute command. His safety-first style, however, attracted few new fans as he engaged in his first bout in England.

A quiet opening round was followed by 11 barely more exciting others. Aware of the threat of Thadzi's right, Hill studiously avoided getting into a position where he could get tagged. When Hill slipped a right in the second and countered with a fast hook, he underlined the disparity in class. But a followup salvo by Thadzi was enough to discourage Hill and give the challenger the round.

On his bike, the 31-year-old Hill resorted to swift jabbing in the third, which upset Thadzi's rhythm and set the tone for the remainder of the bout. The exchanges were more fierce in the sixth, but Hill subsequently got back on his toes and persisted in firing stinging jabs into Thadzi's face. When the 30-year-old Thadzi, 27-8-1 (23), began to tire, Hill, 41-1 (20), became slightly more ambitious, throwing the occasional combination. Then he tired as well, and the fight drifted into monotony way before the final bell.

Samuel Conde (Puerto Rico) scored 119-110, Ove Ovesen (Denmark) 117-111, and Harmodio Cedeno (Panama) 118-112. THE RING had Hill in front by 118-110.

The referee was Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa).

Promoters: Frank Warren, Don King
(9-2-95)
Brian Doogan

Ike Quartey KO 4 Andrew Murray

Le Cannet, France: Precise and devastating, WBA welterweight champion Quartey cleared the way for a mouth-watering unification match against WBC titlist Pernell Whitaker by steamrolling right through mandatory challenger Murray at the Sports Palace. It was Quartey's third defense.

Dominant in every domain, Quartey, 145¼, Accra, Ghana, sounded out a chilling warning to the mercurial "Sweet Pea": Whatever Whitaker tastes whenever they meet, it certainly won't be sweet. In Murray, Quartey totally destroyed a capable 147-pounder. But the southpaw Murray, 145½, Guyana, was dispatched with coldly efficient ease.

Murray began in excellent style, catching the champion with slick punches. But just before the bell ending round one, he got caught with an explosive right that sent him down for a count of nine from referee Carlos Berrocal (Panama).

Had Murray not received the between-rounds rest, the fight would have ended then and there. In the second, the challenger cautiously moved away from Quartey's right. His jabs, though persistent, were too timid and never likely to keep Quartey, 30-0 (26), at bay for long. The champion increased the tempo in the third, mixing in some dynamite bodypunches. At the round's end, Murray, 18-3 (12), returned to his corner with blood dripping from a nick at the side of his right eye.

When Quartey attacked in the fourth, he landed a venomous right that

sliced open a cut over Murray's left eye. After consulting with the ringside doctor, Berrocal decided to call a halt at the 1:16 mark. There were no real protests from the challenger's corner.

The judges were Jesus Cova (Venezuela), Guillermo Perez (Panama), and Renato Caddeo (Italy).

(8-23-95)

Brian Doogan

Manuel Medina W 12 Alejandro Gonzalez

Sacramento, California: In one of the year's surprises, Medina became a two-time world featherweight champion by outboxing WBC champion Gonzalez and taking a split decision at the new Convention Center. It was Gonzalez' third defense.

The 22-year-old Gonzalez, 126, Guadalajara, Mexico, figured to be too strong for Medina, 126, Tijuana, Mexico, who had lost decisions in his last three title fights. Things didn't look promising this time, either, when an unintentional first-round butt left the 24-year-old challenger with a cut over his left eye. Cutman extraordinaire Chuck Bodak kept the bleeding under control, however, enabling Medina to frustrate the ever-dangerous Gonzalez with superior hand speed and combinations.

In the final seconds of the third, Gonzalez, after scoring with several rights to the head, shook Medina with a hook to the jaw. But Medina came back to outbox the champion in the fourth, making him repeatedly miss and bloodying his nose. In the fifth, Gonzalez twice rocked Medina with rights to the chin, then opened the sixth with a solid right to the head. But the challenger managed to outbox Gonzalez and win the round.

Gonzalez, 37-3 (26), looked like a sure winner in the seventh, twice hurting his countryman with rights to the jaw and digging to the body. Medina was also staggered with a right just before the bell. Medina's chin is made of cement, and he came back in the eighth and ninth, as a weary Gonzalez couldn't corner the elusive veteran long enough to do any damage. Gonzalez scored with enough powerpunches to edge Medina in the 10th, but by tattooing the champion's face with jabs and straight rights, Medina, 51-6 (23), captured the final two rounds on all three cards.

Chuck Williams scored 115-113 for Gonzalez, but was outvoted by Hank Elespuru and Lou Filippo, who had Medina ahead by 115-113 and 116-112, respectively. THE RING favored Gonzalez by 115-114. The referee was Dr. James Jen Kin.

Medina praised Gonzalez, calling him "a hard puncher ... one of the best." Gonzalez complained that the judges "didn't consider the effort I put up." A rematch seems likely.

The bout was televised by CBS.

Promoters: Don Chargin Productions, Azteca Promotions

(9-23-95)

Steven R. Nicolaisen

Marcelo Dominguez KO 12 Reinaldo Gimenez

Gualeguaychu, Entre Rios, Argentina: WBC interim cruiserweight champion Dominguez halted Gimenez in the last round to retain the title for the first time before a crowd of 3,500 at Club Juventud Unida. It was the third time in history a pair of Argentines have met for a world title.

The WBC has mandated that Dominguez fight its champion, Anaclet Wamba, who has been inactive. If Wamba is unable or unwilling to take the fight, Dominguez will be named champion.

The 25-year-old Dominguez, 188½, chased the Miami-based Gimenez, 189¼, all fight. Dominguez, 18-1-1 (10), is a crude brawler, and he was finally able to floor the 28-year-old Gimenez, 19-5-2 (16), in the 12th. After the challenger beat the count of referee Luis Carlos Guzman (Argentina), he absorbed further punishment. At the 2:43 mark, only six seconds before the final bell, Tutico Zabala, Gimenez' chief second, rescued his fighter. After 11 rounds, Dominguez was far ahead on all three cards.

The judges were Nicolas Hidalgo (Venezuela), Francisco Manzano (Puerto Rico), and Jorge Molina (Argentina).

Dominguez' sole defeat came at the hands of Wamba, a split decision in December 1994.

Promoter: Osvaldo Rivera

(9-2-95)

Carlos Irusta ■

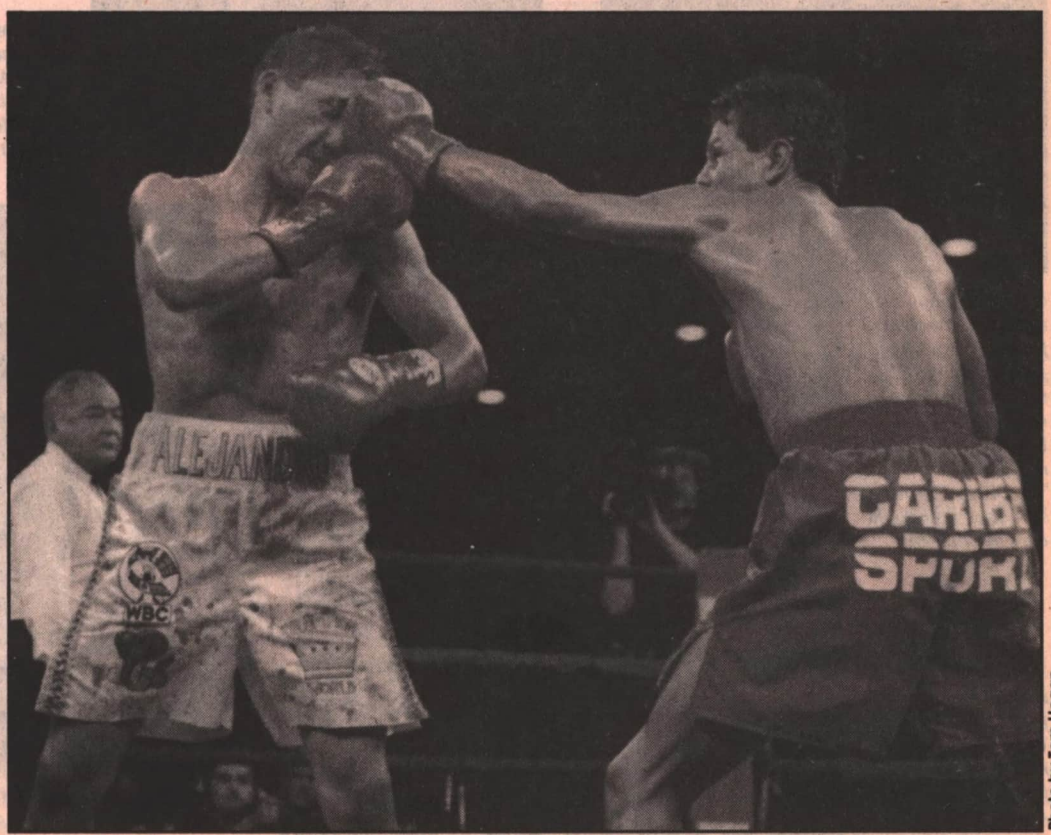
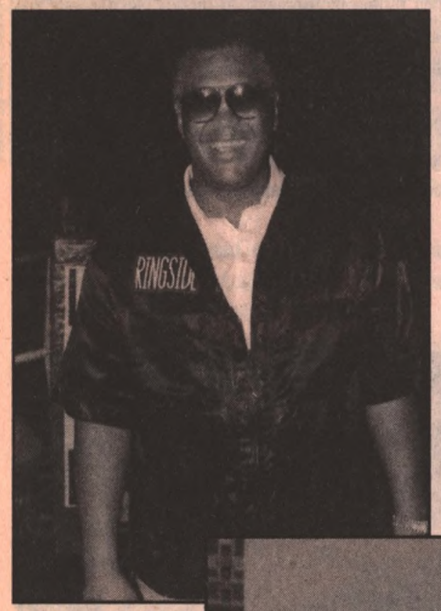


Photo by Tom Hogan

Medina did a paint job, and the color was red

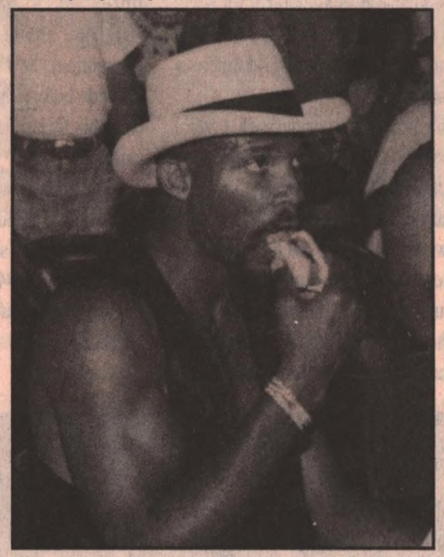
CAMERA CLICKS

Photo by Scott Romer



Unlike so many old-time heavyweights, former WBA champion Jimmy Ellis isn't planning to make a comeback. Ellis does work corners, however, and THE RING *spotted him at a recent fight card in Chicago.*

Photo by Ray Bailey



Aren't world champions supposed to watch their diets? Shortly after capturing the WBA cruiserweight title by knocking out Orlin Norris, Philadelphia's Nate Miller downs a dog while watching the action at the Blue Horizon.

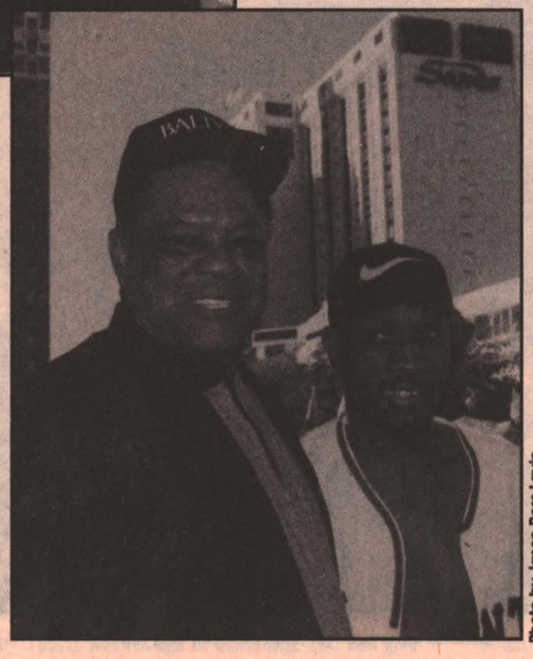
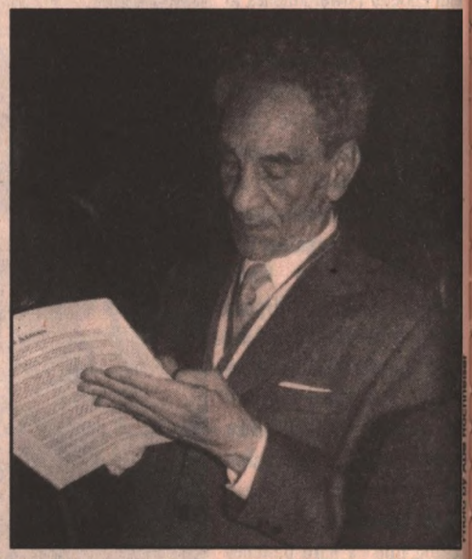


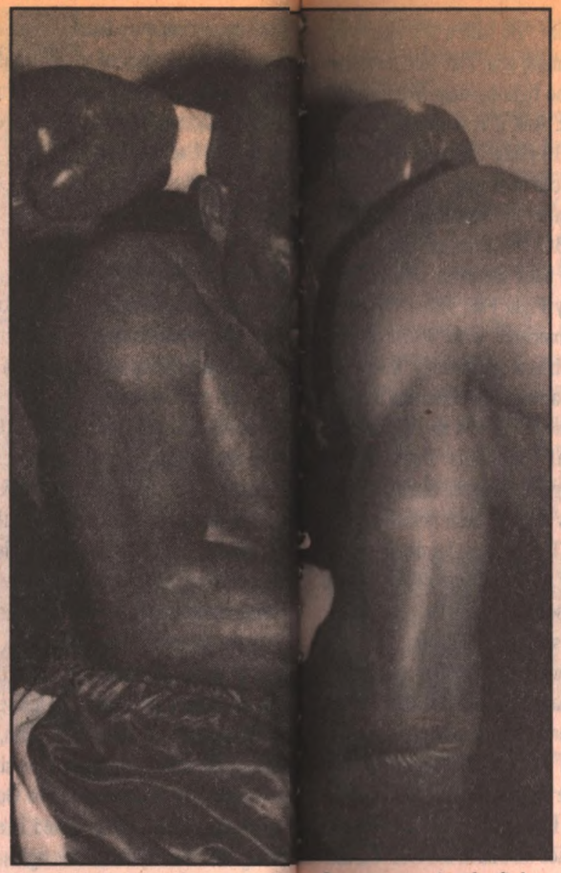
Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Hall of Famer meets future Hall of Famer: Willie Mays and Pernell Whitaker smile for the cameras in Atlantic City.



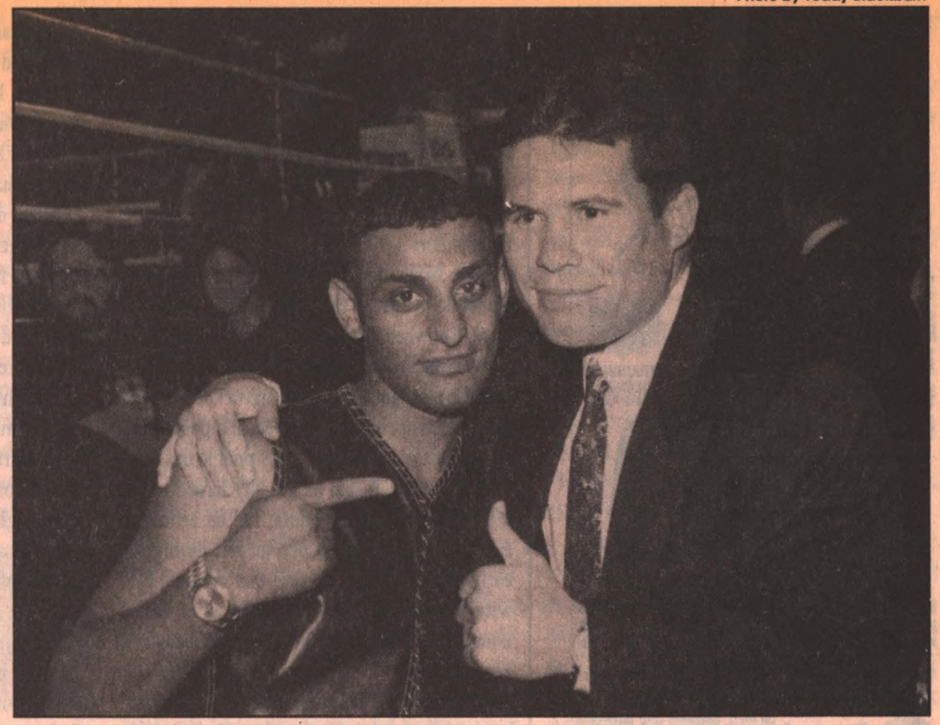
The legendary Kid Azteca, who was rated first at welterweight in 1934, signs an autograph in California.

Photo by Bob Carson



Can you recognize the fighter on the left? It's 50-year-old heavyweight Earnie Shavers, who recently outpointed Brian Morgan in Omaha, Nebraska. If you ask us, Earnie doesn't look a day over 48.

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

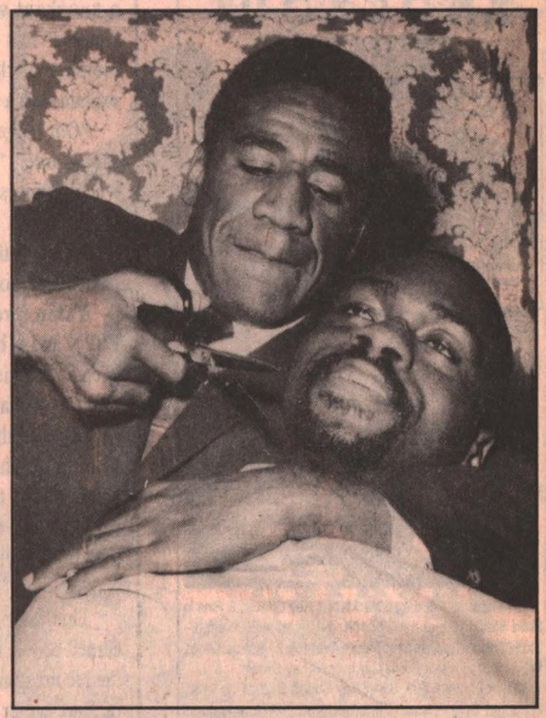


Who da man? Unbeaten junior featherweight sensation Naseem Hamed greets Julio Cesar Chavez ringside in Las Vegas.

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Newly crowned WBC middleweight champion Quincy Taylor is certainly in good hands—his trainer is former welterweight king Curtis Cokes.

NOSTALGIA CORNER



If you can't knock your opponent out, slice his throat with a scissors! Luis Rodriguez and Rubin "Hurricane" Carter ham it up for photographers at the press conference announcing their February 1965 clash at Madison Square Garden. Rodriguez won on points—and without the use of a foreign object.

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J.C. Chavez

(Continued from page 37)

real Pandora's Box."

One would think that the simplest thing to do would be to start at the beginning and work forward. But when it comes to Chavez' career, there is even uncertainty about when he turned pro. While both Fight Fax's and Chavez' current versions of his record start in 1980, it's possible he might have fought professionally prior to that.

"The rumor is that he actually turned pro in 1979," said Marder. "There was an article in *Esto*, a Mexican sports newspaper, during the early part of Chavez' career that credited him with a record of 35 wins, 34 by kayo, and a draw. But the draw disappeared in subsequent accounts."

If a draw has been expunged from Chavez' log, it wouldn't be the first time his stats have been altered in order to cover up a blemish. On March 4, 1981, he fought Miguel Ruiz in his hometown of Culiacan, Mexico. Chavez was disqualified in the first round, but the Mexican commission subsequently changed the result to a knockout win for Chavez. The fact that Chavez' late manager, Ramon Felix, was a member of the commission certainly helps explain such a convenient reversal.

"Our biggest problem is Mexican records," said Marder. "Ninety-nine percent of the time when we investigate a Mexican fighter's record, we find that what he's claiming isn't true. Sometimes I think there must a guy in Mexico named Jose Lopez who has 3,000 losses."

Yalen, program manager for boxing at ESPN and a highly respected boxing record-keeper, has visited Chavez several times in an effort to tabulate an accurate record. Now, when he makes further inquiries of Mexican sources, he often gets his own version of Chavez' record bounced back to him.

"I've also tried to get a hold of old newspapers from Culiacan, but got nowhere," reported Yalen.

This is not to suggest there are not concerned people in Mexico who are anxious to set the record straight. In the August 2, 1995, issue of *Esto*, writer Jose Luis Camarillo interviewed WBC Executive Secretary Eduardo Lamazon and asked why the WBC is questioning Chavez' record.

"It is Chavez who is questioning his record," replied Lamazon. "He said a few months ago that he had one more win. The WBC doesn't say it is a lie, but the fight-by-fight record we have doesn't show it. And it is very strange that he claimed it after 10 years. Chavez is not a record-keeper. Chavez can be wrong."

Three days after the Kamau fight, THE RING asked the WBC for Chavez' record, and Lamazon faxed back the exact same record as was supplied by Fight Fax: 95-1-1 (77). When that record is compared to the 96-1-1 (81) version on press releases generated by King's public relations department, the extra win is not the only inconsistency. There is also the matter of four additional knockouts. But as neither Chavez nor King are using the number of kayos on the fighter's slate to push tickets and pay-per-view sales, THE RING is, for the time being, anyway, willing to write them off as a just part of the lax and somewhat serendipitous record-keeping system south of the border.

There is, however, no problem zeroing in on the fight on Chavez' record that has prompted all the controversy. It is a sixth-round kayo of Jose Medina in Tijuana. The sticking point is whether Chavez fought Medina once or twice. Initially, Fight Fax listed the Medina fight as having taken place on March 29, 1982. But after further research, Marder discovered the bout actually occurred on October 19, 1981. He changed the date in the '95 edition of *The Boxing Record Book* and deleted the prior entry. However, Chavez and King continue to list *both* bouts on their version of the record.

"What I think happened is that Julio was going over his record and noticed that the Medina fight was missing from 1981 and added it to his total," said Marder. "I think it started as an honest mistake."

Gladys Rosa, Chavez' publicist and translator, does not agree.

"For years, whenever we prepared Julio's bio and record for press kits, he never got a copy," said Rosa. "But about a year ago he looked at one of the Spanish versions and began to go over his career, fight by fight, making comments. When he got to the Medina fight, he said, 'Why do you have me fighting Jose Medina once? This is not correct and needs to be changed.' At first it was not changed, but eventually Julio became very upset at the incorrect reporting of his record, and we had Don King change it. At first, Showtime did not want to change it, but Jose Daniel Castro, who has known Julio since he was a boy and has been with his camp for many years, produced a newspaper article that referred to Julio's *second* fight

with Jose Medina, and it was changed."

Fight Fax, however, is not swayed by newspaper clippings.

"We only accept commission reports," said Marder. "Newspaper stories are taboo because we have found them to be inaccurate."

So how many wins does Chavez actually have? The truth of the matter is that probably not even Julio really knows for sure. When asked how authentic his painstakingly researched version of Chavez' record is, Yalen said, "It's probably about 90 percent accurate."

The bottom line is that Chavez doesn't need inflated stats to prove his greatness. He's already done that with his fists. But it would sure be nice if boxing fans could be sure that the road to 100 wins really included 100 wins. ■

De La Hoya-Leija

(Continued from page 39)

Bergen walks down the street, not an eyebrow is raised. As devastating as De La Hoya's been, he hasn't done it in New York.

Of course, there's a catch: To find a fighter who consistently did it in New York, you have to go back to Carlos Ortiz, Emile Griffith, or a young Roberto Duran. The Mecca of Boxing? Bash Boulevard hasn't intersected with Broadway for years. The Garden dropped its boxing department in July 1993, and the last main event in the Big Building was Pernell Whitaker-Buddy McGirt I four months before that.

At a press conference in September, champagne was poured and De La Hoya, Leija, Top Rank promoter Bob Arum, Garden execs John Cirillo and Dave Checketts, New York Governor George Pataki, and recently appointed Athletic Commission Chairman Floyd Patterson toasted the return of big-time boxing to the state. But will De La Hoya-Leija be a one-night stand? The Garden isn't planning to rebuild an in-house boxing department. Instead, it will rely on outside promoters like Arum. Given the state's unfavorable tax structure and the big-bucks site fees regularly provided by the casinos of Las Vegas, Atlantic City, and other gambling venues, why will Arum, Don King, or Dan Duva as much as consider adopting a New York state of mind?

Arum is bringing De La Hoya to the city because demographics and pay-per-view buys suggest The Golden Boy needs East Coast exposure. "Bottom Line" Bob remembers one of the greatest nights of his professional career, June 16, 1983, when birthday boy Duran kayoed defending junior middleweight champion Davey Moore at a sold-out Garden. The building hasn't been filled to capacity (about 20,000 for boxing) since.

"There's a great tradition of Latin fighters in New York City, and Oscar is gonna carry the gauntlet," said Top Rank matchmaker Ron Katz. "It's gonna be a great night. I think we can do 15,000 minimum."

The way performing at La Scala would excite Domingo or Pavarotti, the prospect of punching at a jam-packed Garden bubbles the blood of both De La Hoya and Leija. Or at least they're smart enough to have said the right things to the local press. (Damn that New York cynicism!)

"It's a great honor to fight at Madison

(Continued on page 59)

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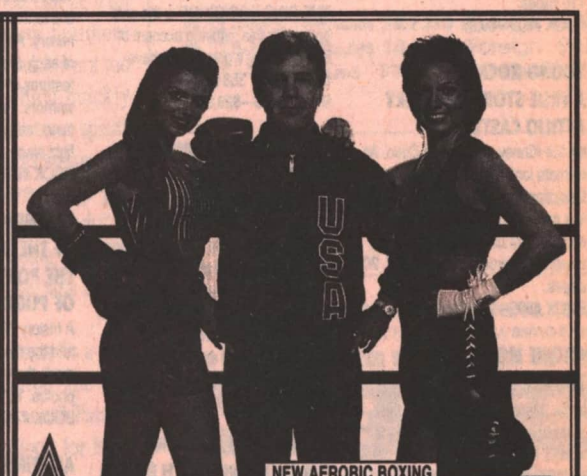

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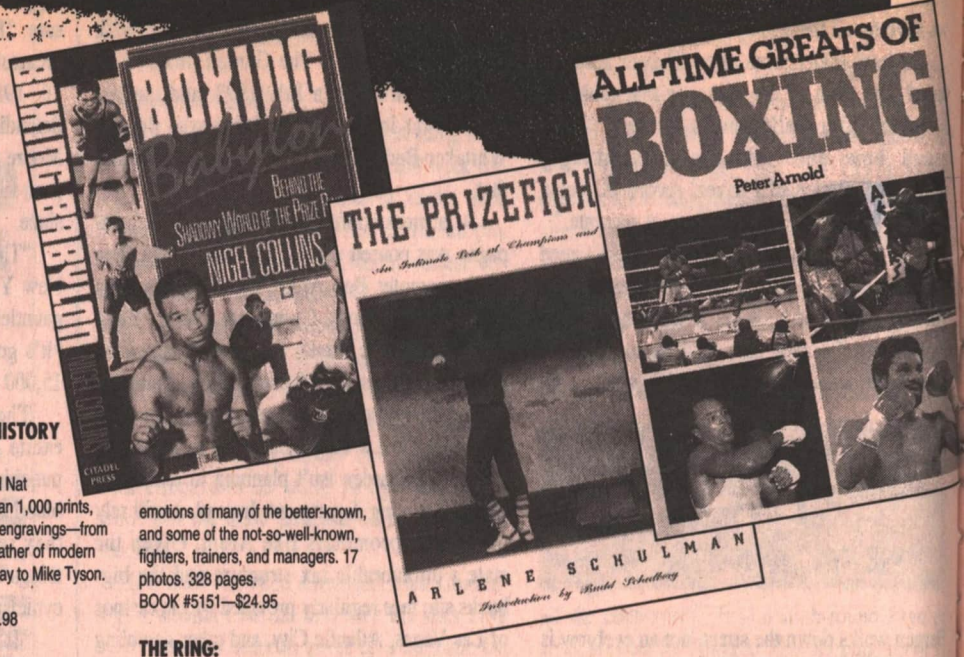

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De La Hoya-Leija

(Continued from page 57)

Square Garden," De La Hoya said during interview after interview. "It adds a lot of pressure, but I'm sure we're gonna put on a great show."

"I've been in front of big crowds before," said Leija. "I fought Azumah Nelson in my hometown [San Antonio]. But there's something about fighting in New York. You have to prove yourself here."

So what exactly are De La Hoya and Leija likely to prove? Or to put it in a New York kind of way, is there any thinly sliced pastrami between the rye bread, or is December 15 going to be nothing but a bunch of baloney?

There is no arguing that Leija is a world-class fighter. He's proven that both in victory, flooring and convincingly beating future hall of famer Nelson after struggling to a draw in the first fight, and in defeat, gutting it out against a seemingly possessed Gabe Ruelas. But when he went face-to-face with the 5'9" De La Hoya at the press conference, he was half a head shorter. Leija, who stands 5'5", is a featherweight who rose to junior lightweight when given the opportunity to challenge for the world title. De La Hoya, 22 and still growing, will likely jump to junior welterweight after the Leija fight.

"I may be short in stature," said Leija, "but I'm a giant when you measure my heart."

Herein lies a problem. When De La Hoya fights *lightweights*, he looks like a giant. Leija's class aside, three of The Golden Boy's four major opponents, Molina, Hernandez, and Leija, have been *junior* lightweights. Like Sugar Ray Leonard before him, De La Hoya is in a position to dictate terms. As big an attraction as he's become, he'll fight *who* he wants, *when* he wants, and at what *weight* he wants. Don't blame *him*. That's just good business.

"I still think one of the reasons De La Hoya has looked so sensational is that he's fighting only small guys," said Lou Duva, the former co-manager of Molina. "Leija will come to fight, and it will be exciting, but he's just a little too small."

Not surprisingly, Katz disagrees. "It's a tough fight," he said, "and a good styles matchup. Leija is a short guy who can brawl. He's strong, and he can punch. He'll try and get inside against De La Hoya, who's a classic boxer-puncher."

As Leija's manager, Lester Bedford, said, if Leija is able to back up De La Hoya or crowd him like Molina did, the advantage will lie with the underdog.

"Molina had the right idea," said Leija. "Too many people go in there trying to knock De La Hoya out. It's about timing, speed, footwork, bobbing and weaving at the right time. And besides, I've been hit by the hardest punchers there are—Louie Espinoza, Gabe Ruelas, Azumah Nelson—and I've never been knocked out."

The key, then, is the price Leija will pay while attempting to move inside. If he gets clocked by the kind of shots Gabe Ruelas landed, he won't last the distance. If he proves as determined as Molina, and manages to punch more effectively, an upset is a possibility.

Robert Alcazar, De La Hoya's trainer, told THE RING he rates Leija as his fighter's second-toughest opponent. "Molina was the biggest test," he said. "Next comes Leija. Then Hernandez, and then Ruelas." If De La Hoya is successful, he'll aim for a fighter who will immediately move to the top of Alcazar's list, WBC super lightweight champion Julio Cesar Chavez. If Arum and Don King can negotiate by going for each other's wallets, and not throats, the showdown could be made for next year's Cinco de Mayo celebration (May 5).

For now, De La Hoya can't concern himself with praising Cesar, burying him, or goading him into a fight. He must focus on the task at hand. December in New York City, you see, can be a bit uncomfortable for a kid from sunny Southern California. It gets chilly and windy, and it's not too early for a few inches of snow, which quickly turns to a disgusting gray slush. Christmas spirit? The commuters are grouchy, the pedestrians are full of attitude, and the tabloid columnists rip you just for the hell of it. The Crips and the Bloods? In New York, *anybody* is capable of going for your throat. With that in mind, be sure the fans at the Garden aren't likely to be too patient.

But something tells us Oscar's gonna be a perfect fit. He'll fill his water bucket from the tap. He'll attend a Knicks game and stay until Patrick Ewing's final jump shot. And don't look for Kato Kaelin in his entourage.

Remember Barcelona? De La Hoya *likes* pressure. And that means Jesse James Leija's in a lot of trouble. ■

Bruno & Eubank

(Continued from page 42)

man's life. Ask yourself.

"I like Eubank's honesty about the game,"

(Continued on page 60)

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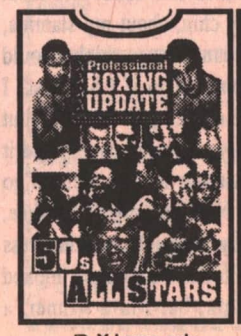

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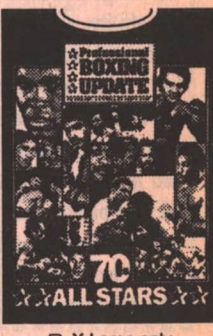

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Bruno & Eubank

(Continued from page 59)

said McGuigan, whose Nigerian opponent, Young Ali, died as a result of injuries he sustained against the Irishman. "He has had the honesty to come out and say what a lot of fighters feel, but are just too scared to communicate."

McGuigan would acknowledge the courage of Bruno, even though the new WBC heavyweight titleholder has said, "I cannot knock boxing at all," and would argue about boxing being "a mug's game." But every fighter has his own way of blocking out dark thoughts about the hardest game. Bruno's is to obliterate them from his conscience, Eubank's to confront them and rationalize. It is almost a mirror-image of the styles the two men adopt in the ring.

Bruno has always been a come-forward fighter who thrusts out a stiff jab and comes over with a heavy right hand. Eubank is more thoughtful in his approach, a counterpuncher who likes to examine the challenge set in front of him rather than dive in and thoughtlessly demolish it. But the counterpuncher mindset was imprudent and flawed against the explosive Collins, whose level of intensity rarely waned from the first bell to last. For his part, Bruno managed to come forward just enough to deprive McCall of the leverage to land the big shot that might well have finished the challenger.

Bruno's reaction to what would have happened had he been caught and knocked out was intriguing.

"Oh, my God, I don't even want to think about that," he said. "The expectation of my fans, my family, and myself were too much to let down. I had to win. If I had lost, I would have had to take the first plane out of the country and fly off to some lonely island so as to keep my face hidden for a long time. With all the things that have been said about me, about my ability, about my chin, about my stamina, some serious s___, man, do you think I could have withstood all that again if I had lost? I knew it was my last chance [the McCall bout was Bruno's fourth try at world honors], and it had to be taken. What was left for me? To go back to pantomime? Not knocking pantomime, because it's very, very enjoyable, but the press would have gone to town. I may have looked like ET after the fight, but I'm a winner, a champion."

The leanings of the press have never worried Eubank, for he regards the media as "a fickle bunch at best, and ruthless cut-throats who are just out to get you at worst." Equally, he remains essentially indifferent to the perceptions of the public—so long as they pay to watch his fights. "I am who I am, and I will not compromise that," he said. "People can take me whatever way they so choose."

They may choose to ignore him now because the grand entrance to the strains of Tina Turner's "Simply The Best," the Napoleonic struts, and the exaggerated poses no longer have the same appeal. Not when we now know he is clearly second fiddle to Collins. Which could have serious implications for his earning power. A move up to light heavyweight is inevitable, but he is unlikely to be paid the type of purses available among the super middleweights. And he will almost surely be deprived of a lucrative third meeting with old rival Nigel Benn. Bruno, on the other hand, may get the opportunity to avenge his 1989 defeat to Mike Tyson.

Both Bruno and Eubank will fight on, but the 34-year-old heavyweight is now the man in the ascendancy. Within him beats the heart of a fighter. Eubank, too, has demonstrated warrior tendencies. But his juices may be running dry. Only the cash register, one suspects, keeps him going. ■

Brian Doogan is The Ring's correspondent for Europe.

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

"[Clayton] looks apparently like a fighter getting ready to break into the upper echelon of the super bantamweight division."

Clayton capped a fine amateur career—he won two National Golden Gloves titles and compiled a record of 105-30—as an alternate on the 1992 U.S. Olympic boxing team that competed in Barcelona. His disappointment in missing the team served to fuel his desire to succeed as a pro.

He debuted in relative obscurity in November 1993, scoring a first-round knockout of Bobby Wright. While his Olympic counterparts were enjoying more publicized bouts and fatter paychecks, Clayton went unnoticed until receiving cable-television exposure. He boxed on local cards in Baker and Baton Rouge in front of sparse crowds, and he traveled to other small southern venues and Mississippi casinos, where he bided his time by notching wins against nondescript opposition.

"I knew we'd eventually have to sign with someone bigger, so I just kept working hard and waiting for something to happen," Clayton said with a shrug.

With the junior featherweight at 9-0 and wanting to raise his level of opposition, in stepped New Orleans boxing fixture Les Bonano, who had been scouting Clayton since the fighter's days as an amateur.

"I knew the kid had talent," said Bonano. "It was just a matter of taking him out of [Baker] and putting him in the right fights. And that's what we did."

In May, Bonano paired his fighter with former USBA bantamweight champion Eddie Rangel, and Clayton dominated in taking a lopsided decision. Next on the agenda was Sanabria, who was expected to be a stern test, a measuring stick by which to chart Clayton's progress. Clayton again dominated, boxing his way to another easy win.

"We knew [Sanabria] had one-punch power to get you out, so we just stayed outside and boxed," said Clayton, who is ranked 12th by the IBF. "We picked him apart. I didn't want to take any chances in my first 12-round fight and get caught with anything."

The 5'6" Clayton lists his boxing idols as Sugar Ray Leonard, Roy Jones, and Pernell Whitaker, whom his style most closely resembles. Like "Sweet Pea," Clayton is a slick boxer with good speed and strong defensive skills. And, like Whitaker, he is a safety-first boxer known more for ring savvy than knockout ability. Although Clayton has nine kayos in 14 wins, and despite the fact that he downed Sanabria three times in the ninth round with bodyshots, his own camp admits he's not a huge puncher.

Said Aristead Clayton Sr., who trains his son and co-manages with Bonano, "We don't want to go in there and see who can land the first big blow. We want to work for ours. We're going to frustrate you. We're going to use the jab. We're going to give angles, and when you make a mistake, we're going to nail you."

In his bout against Sanabria, Clayton's defensive tactics drew scattered boos. Should his style offend portions of the crowd, he said, so be it.

"That's my way of fighting; I do whatever it takes to win," Clayton explained. "I can box on the inside, but if I have to box the whole fight to win, that's what I'll do. I like to impress the crowd, but I have to win whichever way is best for me."

In mid-August, Clayton was offered a title match with South African IBF junior feather-

weight champion Vuyani Bungu. The bout was rejected. Bonano would like to see his fighter face a different champion.

"I've really been working on a fight with Wayne McCullough," said Bonano. "I think Aristead's a smarter fighter than McCullough, but McCullough's in great condition, he's going to be right there. It's going to be a tremendous fight, but I think [Clayton] can beat him, and I would be willing to go there [Ireland]."

McCullough, 17-0, won a silver medal at bantamweight in the very Olympic Games missed by Clayton. He's a human windmill with a leaky defense, and a matchup with the smooth-boxing Clayton indeed looks good on paper. For his part, Clayton feels he is seasoned enough to face the best in the bantamweight and junior featherweight divisions. His handlers feel more experience won't hurt.

"We want to have the discipline and experience not only to fight for a world title," said Aristead Sr., "but to win it, and then be able to maintain that level of competition, or that level of performance, throughout Aristead's career." Then he quickly added, "I really think he's ready to go. I think he's ready to fight for a world title."

The junior Clayton notes only one downside to his violent sport. The idea of ring deaths and crippling injuries makes him uneasy. "You don't like to see that kind of stuff happen," he said. "I just hope and pray that it never happens to me or one of my opponents. I don't see myself in boxing for a long period of time. I want to go into business and spend time with my family." (Clayton is married. He has a young daughter, with another child due in April.)

Clayton has proven his ability to go 12 tough rounds, and he seemingly has the natural talent to compete with the best in the world. The only question is whether he'll become Louisiana's first world champion since Willie Pastrano in the early-'60s. What there's no disputing is that if he makes it all the way, every penny of every purse will be accounted for. ■

Charlie Bier is a freelance writer based in Crowley, Louisiana.

The Prize Fighters

(Continued from page 27)

Community Center in the decayed North Philadelphia area.

"This gym," Frazier says, looking at the large framed photographs of himself mounted on the brick walls of the gym. "Something to give the black boys in the neighborhood, to get something out of life." When a crusty old fighter stumbles into the gym, it is Frazier who hands him a few dollars and some clothes. Marvis said that his father will never end up like that. "Pop?" He shook his head. "No way. He'll come live with us."

"I'm a man who's been through ups and downs with obstacles like hatred and bitterness," Joe Frazier says. He says that with money invested and a pension fund set up, he's financially secure. "See?" he points out. "Ordinary Joe ain't so ordinary."

He looks up at the photographs of himself on the wall and back down at himself, thicker around the middle, thinner at the top, and his dark eyes still guarded and wary. It is 23 years since he first fought Ali, also heavier and thinner at the top, whose movements and speech are slowed by Parkinson's Syndrome, but whose mind and wit are still nimble. Frazier says of his former tormentor: "I ain't got Parkinson's. Why? I don't know. It's God's way. They beat me up. George [Foreman] beat me up. I'm 50, and I ain't got nothing wrong with me. Case closed."

Perhaps now Joe Frazier has his final victory over Ali at last. "Everything works. My mind's together," he bragged. "I don't have nothing to do with it," he said. "He can't blame me." ■

Eddie Perkins

(Continued from page 45)

started boxing as an amateur. He won the Windy City lightweight title, and compiled an overall mark of 26-10.

He was 17, and still in high school, when he turned pro in 1956 because he liked fighting—and the idea of getting paid for it. Perkins lost his first match, a six-round decision to Norman Johnson in Milwaukee.

"I got robbed," he recalled, "but I was too excited to have a bad feeling toward anyone. I was learning how to be slick. I couldn't wait for the next fight."

In the late-'50s, boxing was a staple of prime-time network television. After running up a string of victories, Perkins made his TV debut in November 1958, beating lightweight contender Frankie Ryff. His paycheck came to $4,000, and some of it went for a celebration with the old gang on Wabash Street.

"I never drank, but a lot of them had started to drink," said Perkins. "I bought them what

(Continued on page 63)

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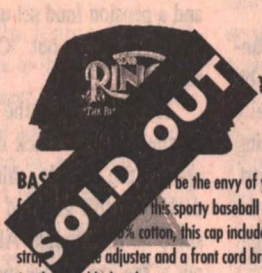

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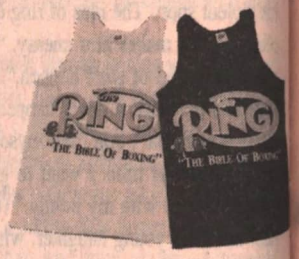

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Eddie Perkins

(Continued from page 61)

they wanted. I didn't forget them. I came up in that neighborhood, but I didn't look down on them because I had made it."

Opponents of boxing, most especially the American Medical Association, say it is a sport in which one fighter tries to win by leveling his opponent and leaving him senseless. Not Perkins, who scored only 20 kayos because he never tried to win that way.

"I loved going the distance," he said. "I didn't need to knock a man out. I just loved to box."

Perkins' skills increased even more when he came under the management of legendary Chicagoan Johnny Coulan. Coulan had been a slick-boxing bantamweight champion from 1910 to 1914, and in his later years (he died in 1973) operated a famous boxing gym with his wife, Maria.

Coulan planed off the few rough edges that remained on Perkins, and by the early-'60s, the Chicago fighter was highly ranked as a contender for the lightweight championship of the world. But the closest Perkins ever got to then-champion Joe Brown was when they were introduced to the crowd before a fight one night. Perkins used the opportunity to ask the champ, "Joe, why don't you give me a shot at the title?" Replied Brown, "Eddie, I'll never fight you for my title!"

In the face of such implacability, there was only one thing to do—gain a few pounds.

Thanks largely to WBC champion Julio Cesar Chavez, today's 140-pound class, referred to as either junior welterweight or super lightweight, is widely recognized as one of the sport's flagship divisions. Established in 1922 as a circulation gimmick by a magazine called *The Boxing Blade*, the division's first titleholder, Milwaukee's Pinkey Mitchell, was elected by subscribers to the publication. Not surprisingly, the junior welterweights, whose designation made them sound like Little Leaguers, weren't taken very seriously at first. The division was abandoned in the '30s, revived briefly in the '40s, and then forgotten again until its revival for good in 1959.

In 1961, its champion was Duilio Loi of Italy, and in October of that year, Perkins went there for his first crack at a world championship. Before 16,000 spectators at the Milan Sports Palace, he controlled the tempo of the 15-round fight, but the official decision was a draw, leaving Loi the champion.

"They wanted him to win so bad," recalled Perkins, "but after I beat him so easy, they called it a draw. He never hit me with a good punch."

A rematch was held in September 1962, again in Milan. This time Perkins was declared winner and new champion after 15 rounds.

Reported THE RING's Charley Parrish from Milan: "Although [Loi] was not hurt nor floored, he received many stiff punches to the head and body that slowed him up. As is usual, when the hometown boy receives a setback, the crowd, after exhorting him wildly in the early rounds, turned against [Loi] as the fight progressed and Perkins kept scoring points. When the final two rounds were on, Loi was hooted and Perkins cheered."

Naturally, Perkins was ecstatic: "I felt good. I was a world champion. Now I did what I set out to do."

But there was a down side. Perkins figured he'd walk off the airplane at O'Hare Airport into a mob of photographers and reporters waiting to greet Chicago's new champion of the world. So how many paparazzi and scribblers were there?

"None," said Perkins. "I never had the cameras at the airport waiting to take my picture."

By his reckoning, Perkins fought in "68" foreign countries (the total was actually 22), and in every one of them he was better known than in his own hometown. In Japan, Italy, and South America, crowds followed him around the streets. Strangers invited him into their homes, and thousands would gather to welcome and then see the junior welterweight champion off at foreign airports.

Then he would arrive home in Chicago anonymously.

"It didn't bother me at first, but later on it bothered me," said Perkins, about whom *Ebony* magazine once carried an article titled, "The Champion Of The World—But A Stranger At Home." The magazine had stationed Perkins at 63rd Street and Cottage Grove for 45 minutes—and not a single person recognized him.

At one time, Perkins admitted, he actually considered moving to Milan, where "they treated me like I was a king, [and] anything I wanted, it was mine."

"I would've given up my citizenship and stayed," he said, "but my family didn't want to go to Italy."

As beloved as Perkins was in Milan, there's no hero like a hometown hero. That was proved when the judges gave Loi back the title when Perkins fought him there a third time, in December 1962.

"This time I beat Loi worse than I ever did," he recalled. "He held me for 15 rounds. It was a lousy fight. He retired right after that fight. He wanted to retire as champion."

A Filipino, Roberto Cruz, won the vacant title against Battling Torres, and in June 1963, Perkins went to Manila and took it back by beating Cruz in front of 32,000 fans at Rizal Coliseum.

Said one boxing magazine in its report of the

(Continued on page 64)

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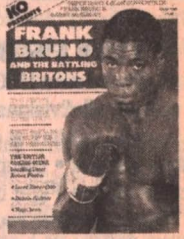

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Eddie Perkins

(Continued from page 63)

fight, "Chalk this one up under the heading, 'Ridiculous Mismatches.' Roberto Cruz ... may have been the junior welterweight champion when he entered the ring, but if you stacked his skill up against that of smooth-boxing Chicagoan Eddie Perkins, you would have something that resembled a peanut sitting alongside an elephant."

Perkins stepped up his globetrotting, defending the title at $25,000 per fight.

"That's really no money compared to what they're making now," he said. "I don't think I ever made $1-million, even adding up all my purses. But I got my own home paid for, and I'm not hurting for nothing."

In 1964, the champion fought five times, all outside the United States. In January 1965, Perkins went to Caracas, Venezuela, to meet local idol Carlos Hernandez, whom he'd already beaten once before. At the end of 15 rounds, referee Henry Armstrong, the former three-division champion, scored 150-139 for Perkins. That means Armstrong thought Perkins did not lose a single round.

But a fight is scored by *three* officials, and the two South American judges voted for Hernandez. Perkins' title was gone.

"I'm not an angry type of person," said Perkins. "If you say I lost, okay, I lost. I never been the type of person to get angry at anyone. But he was real easy to beat."

Perkins never got close to another world championship fight, although he went up another weight class and beat many top welterweight contenders over the next nine years. He was ranked among the best in the world. As usual, most of his fights occurred overseas.

His ability to make the other guy look like an oaf won him acclaim everywhere except for Quito, Ecuador, where Perkins met local hero Eugenio Espinosa in September 1966.

"He couldn't hit me, and the crowd got mad at him because he couldn't hit me," he recalled. "They started throwing things, mostly beer, and somebody tossed a big bone, probably a bull bone. The judges got under the ring, and the referee just hollered out 'Perkins wins!' and ran out of the ring."

For all his skills, like every other champion in the '60s, Perkins stood in the shadow of Muhammad Ali. But Perkins has no doubt who was the better boxer.

"I thought I was 100 percent better than Ali," he said. "I stood still and slipped punches. He ran a lot when they were trying to hit him. I told Muhammad Ali I'd box him in the gym any day.

"One day in the gym, I was training when Ali walked in. Everybody stopped what they was doing. He watched me spar and said, 'You almost look as good as I do.' Somebody else said, 'He looks a whole lot better than you do.' Ali didn't like that. He and I never got real close together."

In the spring of 1975, Perkins was in Kolin, Germany, for a fight. He was sitting on a park bench when a man approached.

"Eddie, you been fighting for a long time," said the man. "I remember seeing you when I was a little boy."

That gave the normally unflappable Perkins a start. "He looked to be 65, maybe 70 years old," he said, "and I said to myself, *If he seen me when he was little, how old am I?*"

He was old enough—37—to quit fighting for good, which Perkins did then and there.

Nowadays he has a new favorite sport in which, unlike boxing, his aim is to knock down as many of his targets as possible. "I bowl two nights a week," he said. "It's something I just felt I could do."

Perkins carries an average of 180, and twice has come within one roll of a perfect 300 game, the achievement of which is something he looks forward to almost as much as winning a world boxing title.

Perkins has been a *Tribune* carrier and route manager for years. "I'm a sportsman; I just can't sit behind a desk," he said. He delivers up to 300 newspapers early every morning, running most of his route to stay in condition on the road to the century mark, for which he is probably genetically programmed. His father is 84, and still works as a jack-of-all-trades, and Perkins says a grandmother lived to the age of 115.

"I don't want another job. I love what I'm doing," said Perkins, a grandfather of four.

His nocturnal runs have kept him in such good shape, said Perkins, "that I feel like I could fight 10 rounds now." But unlike some other boxing oldsters, he isn't contemplating a ring comeback.

"I would love to fight an exhibition now to show people how the fight game is supposed to be fought," said the former champion. "You just don't go out there and slug. The name of the game—boxing—is going out and outpointing someone. It's a *sport*.

"I don't see no sense in killing a man if you don't have to." ■

Pete Ehrmann, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is based in West Allis, Wisconsin.

FISKE ON FIGHTS

By Jack Fiske

Skeptic that I am, I took a let's-wait-and-see approach to the laudatory notices received by Oscar De La Hoya following the 1992 Olympics. A gold medal? So what? A lot of laurel leaf-wearers have been found wanting. Need I bring up Howard Davis Jr., Mark Breland, and Henry Tillman?

So how is the charismatic, handsome "Golden Boy" doing so far? By all accounts and numbers, great. He is undefeated in 19 fights and has won two world titles. (Affiliations don't matter these days.) And, of course, the money is rolling in.

Still, there are murmurs of criticism, most of them coming from those who fondly recall the baptism of Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard, who debuted in an era when boxing was more popular. Oscar, they say, is picking on guys who aren't his size. In other words, junior lightweights. One East Coast columnist bemoans the Californian's reluctance, thus far, at least, in meeting 140-pound champion Julio Cesar Chavez or 147-pound titlist Felix Trinidad.

Is De La Hoya traveling a less rocky road to the pinnacle than did Ali and Leonard?

Here are some of the facts. Ali won the world title in his 20th fight and Leonard in his 26th. De La Hoya captured the spurious WBO 130-pound crown in his 12th bout. Ali was crowned by defeating the supposedly awesome Sonny Liston, and Sugar Ray stopped the very talented Wilfred Benitez. De La Hoya's first title fight victim was Denmark's unaccomplished Jimmi Bredahl.

Ali (then Cassius Clay) turned pro against Tunney Hunsaker (6-6) and Herb Siler (1-0). Leonard's first two opponents were Luis Vega (7-5-2) and future USBA junior welterweight champion Willie Rodriguez (10-1). Definitely no stiffs there. De La Hoya broke in with first-round kayos against the forgettable Lamar Williams (5-2) and Cliff Hicks (11-6). In the gold medalist's third fight, Paris Alexander (15-6-1) conveniently rolled over in two rounds.

While the competition of Ali and Leonard began to get tougher, De La Hoya continued to thrive on unknowns and lesser talents. Consider:

Ali's first 19 foes included Alonzo Johnson (19-7), Alex Miteff (24-10-1), Willi Besmanoff (43-25-7), Sonny Banks (10-2), Alejandro Lavorante (19-3), a 49-year-old Archie Moore (182-21-9 with 1 no-contest), Doug Jones (21-3-1), and Henry Cooper (27-7-1). Moore took the easy way out. Banks and Cooper scored knockdowns before succumbing. And Jones gave Ali his most severe test, losing a highly disputed decision.

Leonard had it even tougher, going against, among others, Vinnie DeBarros (14-3), Frankie Santore (25-3-1), Art McKnight (10-1), Javier Muniz (17-5-2), Randy Milton (7-1), Rafael Rodriguez (21-8-1), Dick Eklund (11-3), former world title challenger Mando Muniz (42-13), Floyd Mayweather (15-1), perennial contender Randy Shields (31-3-1), Bernardo Prada (21-5-1), Johnny Gant (44-11-3), and Fernand Marcotte (31-8-3).

Before Bredahl, De La Hoya's opposition was noticeably unimpressive, with The Golden Boy facing little-knowns with little talent such as Curtis Strong (14-6-2), Frankie Avelar (15-3), a badly faded Troy Dorsey (12-6-5), and Angelo Nunez (10-4-3). The competition got slightly tougher after Bredahl. Giorgio Campanella, the Italian champion, floored De La Hoya before getting knocked out. Former featherweight titlist Jorge Paez quit in two rounds. Fringe contender Carl Griffith went quickly, but clubfighter Johnny Avila gave De La Hoya his toughest bout. The three biggest names De La Hoya has fought, John-John Molina, Rafael Ruelas, and Genaro Hernandez, all found The Golden Boy to be too much.

My conclusion, then, is that Leonard rose to the top against the toughest competition, with Ali second. Thanks to the frequency of nationally televised bouts, Ali's opponents were better known than Leonard's, but their ranks were full of has-beens. De La Hoya and his people are selecting inferior—and smaller—foes on their way to a heavyweight champion's bank account. But in boxing, that's not a no-no. Rocky Graziano, a middleweight champion, earned a lot of money and status by knocking over welterweights.

De La Hoya, who seems to understand how the game is played, takes the criticism in stride. "They all wanted to fight me," he said of his victims. "I'm getting the easiest fights for the biggest money, and that's the name of the game. It wouldn't be smart of me not to take them." ■

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA ratings were compiled as of July 1995, the WBC ratings were compiled as of September 1995, and the IBF ratings were compiled as of October 1995.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Frank Bruno (GB)	C	–	–
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Mike Tyson (USA)	1	1	3
Lennox Lewis (GB)	2	6	9
Oliver McCall (USA)	3	–	5
Tony Tucker (USA)	4	3	10
Evander Holyfield (USA)	5	–	–
Henry Akinwande (GB)	6	5	7
Alexandr Zolkin (RUS)	7	11	–
Larry Donald (USA)	8	–	–
Michael Moorer (USA)	9	9	–
Jeremy Williams (USA)	10	–	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	2	1
Joe Hipp (USA)	14	4	–
Peter McNeeley (USA)	19	7	–
Lionel Butler (USA)	13	8	–
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	18	10	–
Axel Schulz (GER)	–	–	2
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	17	–	4
Corrie Sanders (SA)	11	–	6
Andrew Golota (POL)	12	12	8

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	IC	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	1	5	4
Sergei Kobozev (RUS)	2	1	1
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	4	12
Torsten May (GER)	4	–	3
David Izeqwire (NIG)	5	–	8
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	6	8	–
Akim Tafer (FRA)	7	3	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	8	–	–
Chris Byrd (USA)	9	–	–
Carl Thompson (GB)	10	–	–
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	2	2
Orlin Norris (USA)	12	6	9
Przemyslaw Saleta (POL)	–	7	–
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	13	9	–
Reynaldo Gimenez (ARG)	18	10	–
Egerton Marcus (USA)	25	–	5
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	6
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	–	–	7
Brian Laspada (USA)	16	–	10

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	1	2	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	2	9	3
Mike McCallum (USA)	3	–	7
Ginger Tshabalala (SA)	4	12	8
Merqui Sosa (DR)	5	–	5
Jose Gomez (BRA)	6	1	–
Crawford Ashley (GB)	7	–	–
Phillipe Michel (FRA)	8	8	12
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	9	–	–
Noel Magee (GB)	10	11	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	3	1
Lou Del Valle (USA)	21	4	9
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	12	5	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	6	–
Drake Thadzi (CAN)	–	7	–
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	10	–
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	–	–	2
William Guthrie (USA)	–	–	4
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	–	6
Greg Everett (USA)	–	–	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Thulane Malinga (SA)	1	5	3
Henry Wharton (GB)	2	–	–
Tim Littles (USA)	3	1	2
Michael Nunn (USA)	4	–	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	5	3	–
Frederic Seiller (FRA)	6	8	–
Bryant Brannon (USA)	7	7	1
Cecil McKenzie (USA)	8	–	–
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	9	–	–
Jean-Claude M'blye (FRA)	10	–	5
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	–	2	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	–	4	–
Tony Byrd (USA)	18	6	7
Tony Thornton (USA)	–	9	–
Mark Delaney (GB)	23	10	–
Frank Rhodes (USA)	–	–	4
Eric Lucas (CAN)	–	–	6
Chris Eubank (GB)	11	–	8
Joseph Kiwanuka (USA)	–	–	9
Steve Little (USA)	–	11	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Quincy Taylor (USA)	C	5	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	7	4
Joe Lipsey (USA)	2	12	1
Julian Jackson (USA)	3	–	–
Agostino Cardamone (ITA)	4	–	–
Dana Rosenblatt (USA)	5	–	–
Otis Grant (CAN)	6	–	–
John David Jackson (USA)	7	6	3
Buddy McGirt (USA)	8	–	–
Silvio Branco (ITA)	9	–	–
Rodney Toney (USA)	10	–	11
Reggie Johnson (USA)	–	1	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	–	2	–
William Joppy (USA)	14	3	2
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	22	4	12
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	–	8	6
Zdravo Kostic (SERB)	15	9	–
Chongmo Kim (KOR)	–	10	–
Robert Allen (USA)	–	–	5
Neville Brown (GB)	12	–	7
Derrick Rolon (USA)	13	–	8
Juan Viloria (COL)	–	–	9
Steve Frank (USA)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	–	C	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	9	C
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	1	4	–
Bronco McKart (USA)	2	7	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	3	3	5
Winky Wright (USA)	4	2	–
Godfrey Nyakana (UGA)	5	12	–
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	6	8	–
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	7	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	8	–	–
Raul Marquez (USA)	9	–	2
Luis Santana (DR)	10	–	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	1	11
Buddy McGirt (USA)	–	5	–
Julio Cesar Green (USA)	–	6	8
Darrin Morris (USA)	–	10	4
Keith Holmes (USA)	11	–	1
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	3
Andrew Council (USA)	22	–	6
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	–	7
Hernan Mena (COL)	–	–	9
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	23	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Larry Barnes (USA)	1	4	1
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	2	6	2
Oba Carr (USA)	3	7	3
Vincent Phillips (USA)	4	–	–
Derrell Coley (USA)	5	3	10
Gary Jacobs (GB)	6	2	7
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	7	9	6
Lonnie Smith (USA)	8	–	–
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	9	5	–
David Gonzales (USA)	10	12	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	13	1	8
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	23	8	–
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	–	10	5
Maxim Nesterenko (RUS)	–	–	4
Bronco McKart (USA)	–	–	9

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	–	–
Frankie Randall (USA)	–	C	–
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Jan Bergman (SA)	1	6	2
David Kamau (USA)	2	3	9
Hugo Pineda (COL)	3	4	1
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	4	1	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	5	9	3
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	6	–	–
Ross Hale (GB)	7	10	11
Freddie Ladd (USA)	8	5	4
Giovanni Parisi (ITA)	9	–	–
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	10	–	–
Juan Coggi (ARG)	–	2	–
George Scott (USA)	–	7	–
Leonardo Mas (PR)	–	8	–
Pedro Padilla (COL)	–	–	5
Rodney Moore (USA)	–	–	6
Vernon Forrest (USA)	–	–	7
Giuseppe Sauli (ITA)	–	–	8
Reggie Green (USA)	–	11	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	C	–	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
Phillip Holiday (SA)	–	4	C
Jean Baptist Mendy (FRA)	1	–	5
Steve Johnston (USA)	2	–	3
Lamar Murphy (USA)	3	–	7
Shane Mosley (USA)	4	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	5	–	–
Ivan Robinson (USA)	6	12	2
Arturo Gatti (CAN)	7	–	–
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	8	–	–
Ramon Marchena (MEX)	9	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	10	5	–
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	1	4
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	27	2	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	3	–
Antonio Rivera (PR)	–	6	–
Racheed Lawal (DEN)	–	7	–
Joey Gamache (USA)	–	8	–
Dindo Canoy (PHIL)	–	9	–
Billy Schwer (GB)	13	10	6
John Lark (USA)	–	–	1
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	–	–	8
Eduardo Molina (COL)	–	–	9
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	26	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	C	–	–
Vacant	–	C	–
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	C
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	1	3	5
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	2	5	12
Jesse James Leija (USA)	3	6	–
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	4	11	–
Carlos Hernandez (USA)	5	–	–
Floyd Havard (GB)	6	7	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	7	9	6
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	8	–	4
Fred Liberatore (USA)	9	–	–
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	10	8	10
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	–	1	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	2	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	4	–
Edson Suxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	10	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	1
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	2
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	3
Calvin Grove (USA)	–	–	7
Ed Hopson (USA)	–	–	8
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	18	–	9

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Manuel Medina (MEX)	C	–	–
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	–	C	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Cesar Soto (MEX)	1	–	–
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	2	–	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	3	3	1
Jose Badillo (PR)	4	7	6
Mehdi Labdouni (FRA)	5	10	3
Carlos Rios (ARG)	6	–	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	7	–	4
Kevin Kelley (USA)	8	5	–
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	9	–	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	10	9	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	12	1	2
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	–	2	9
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	–	4	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	17	6	7
Nobutoshi Hiranaka (JAP)	–	8	–
Victor Polo (COL)	23	–	5
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	–	–	8
Robert Garcia (USA)	–	–	10

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	1	–	–
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	2	–	–
Erik Morales (MEX)	3	–	–
Julio Gervacio (DR)	4	–	–
Reynaldo Hurtado (COL)	5	–	–
Jesse Benavides (USA)	6	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	7	5	7
Junior Jones (USA)	8	8	–
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	9	–	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	10	10	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	25	1	–
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	24	2	–
Naseem Hamed (GB)	–	3	–
Orlando Canizales (USA)	–	4	–
Arnulfo Romero (PAN)	–	6	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	7	5
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	–	9	–
Pablo Ozuna (COL)	–	–	1
Welcome Ncita (SA)	12	–	2
Anton Gilmore (SA)	13	–	3
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	4
Daniel Alicer (PR)	–	–	6
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	18	–	8
Aristead Clayton (USA)	–	–	9
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	C	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	1	–	12
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	2	–	6
Nana Konadu (GHA)	3	1	–
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	4	–	–
John Armour (GB)	5	8	2
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	6	–	–
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	7	–	1
In Jin Chi (KOR)	8	9	–
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	9	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	10	–	5
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	–	2	–
Jorge Eliecer Julio (COL)	12	3	10
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	4	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	5	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	6	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	17	7	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	–	10	–
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	3
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	4
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	7
Sergio Reyes (USA)	26	–	8
Alex Yaqupoe (RUS)	–	–	9

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	C	–	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	C	–
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	C
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	1	5	5
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	2	3	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	3	–	–
Luis Bolano (COL)	4	–	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	5	–	–
David Griman (VEN)	6	1	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	7	2	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	8	–	–
Boy Aruan (INDO)	9	10	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	10	9	–
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	13	4	–
Hyung Chul Lee (KOR)	–	6	–
Ernie Cataluna (PHIL)	–	7	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	11	8	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	26	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	2
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	3
Jose Diaz (USA)	28	–	4
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	19	–	6
Julio Borboa (MEX)	17	–	7
Orlando Tobon (COL)	–	–	8
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	–	–	9
Cesar Singo (EQU)	–	–	10

FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	C	–
Danny Romero (USA)	–	–	C
Mark Johnson (USA)	1	–	2
Chatchai Elite-Gym (THAI)	2	–	–
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	9	–
Chokchai 3-K Battery (THAI)	4	4	–
Daniel Ward (SA)	5	11	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	6	6	–
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	7	–	11
Alexander Mahmutov (RUS)	8	–	–
Raul Juarez (MEX)	9	–	–
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	10	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	1	–
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	–	2	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	–	3	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	5	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	–	7	–
Sung Tae Lim (KOR)	29	8	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	12	10	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	13	–	1
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	–	3
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	18	–	4
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	–	–	5
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	6
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	7
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	–	–	8
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	–	–	9
Arthur Johnson (USA)	–	–	10

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	C
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	1	6	2
Chiquita Gonzalez (MEX)	2	–	6
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	3	7	–
Eric Griffin (USA)	4	–	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	5	2	3
Miguel Angel Granados (MEX)	6	–	–
Yuichi Hosono (JAP)	7	4	5
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	8	5	–
Javier Varguez (MEX)	9	–	–
Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat (THAI)	10	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	1	1
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	–	3	–
Puma Kanehira (MEX)	–	8	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	9	–
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	10	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	–	–	4
Yani Malhendo (INDO)	–	–	7
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	20	–	8
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	9
James Wanene (KEN)	19	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	C	–
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	–	–	C
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	1	3	11
Kermin Guardia (COL)	2	2	–
Rocky Lin (JAP)	3	4	9
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	4	5	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	5	10	–
Yodsing Saengmorokot (THAI)	6	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	7	1	1
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	8	–	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	9	–	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	10	12	3
Shinichi Tamaki (JAP)	17	6	–
Seo Kjin Yang (KOR)	11	7	–
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	8	2
Nico Thomas (INDO)	–	9	–
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	–	11	4
Surachai Saengmorokot (THAI)	–	–	5
Jack Russell (AUSTRL)	20	–	6
Oscar Flores (COL)	–	–	7
Rafael Torres (USA)	–	–	8
Roger Espanola (PHIL)	–	–	10

CLASSIC

Fifth-rated middleweight contender Joey Giardello is a prime example of a fighter who has had to overcome personal problems. At least he's smart enough to take the blame for his troubles.

MEN OF CONFUSION

From The Ring, July 1957

Some boxers, like people, find their biggest fight is against themselves

Service station attendant Howard Short points toward Giardello, who was found guilty of assaulting him with a crutch. The fighter was sentenced to six months in jail.

By Al Buck

Boxers are people. A majority are normal young men. They are driven by ambition, like most of us, and to them a title means security, as well as fame. Others, less fortunate, are confused, and a few might benefit from treatment by a psychiatrist. After all, they are like the rest of us.

Joey Giardello, for one, has led a mixed-up life. He is smart enough to blame past troubles on himself, and as he fights his way back, he is inspired by the example set by Rocky Graziano. Nobody was ever more mixed up than Rocky.

Giardello has had a rough time. He still must fight himself, as well as his opponent in the ring, but he is not the first to be confronted by personal problems. Where did it all start?

Perhaps on the night at Madison Square Garden when he received a split decision over Billy Graham, New York welterweight.

Perhaps on the night he hurt his knee in an automobile accident on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Perhaps when he, the leading contender, was denied the chance to fight Bobo Olson, then world middleweight champion, for the title.

Including Giardello, nobody will ever know.

The fight with Graham was close. Referee Ray Miller, 5-4-1, and judge Joe Agnello, 6-4, voted for Giardello. Judge Charlie Shortell had Graham on top, 6-4. Giardello was the winner on a split decision.

Then Robert K. Christenberry, at the time chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, took charge. He disagreed with the verdict and did something about it. Bob altered Agnello's card to make Graham the winner. Giardello appealed to the courts.

A justice of the New York Supreme Court reversed Christenberry. Giardello was the winner again and went his merry way. No, that wasn't the start of the trouble.

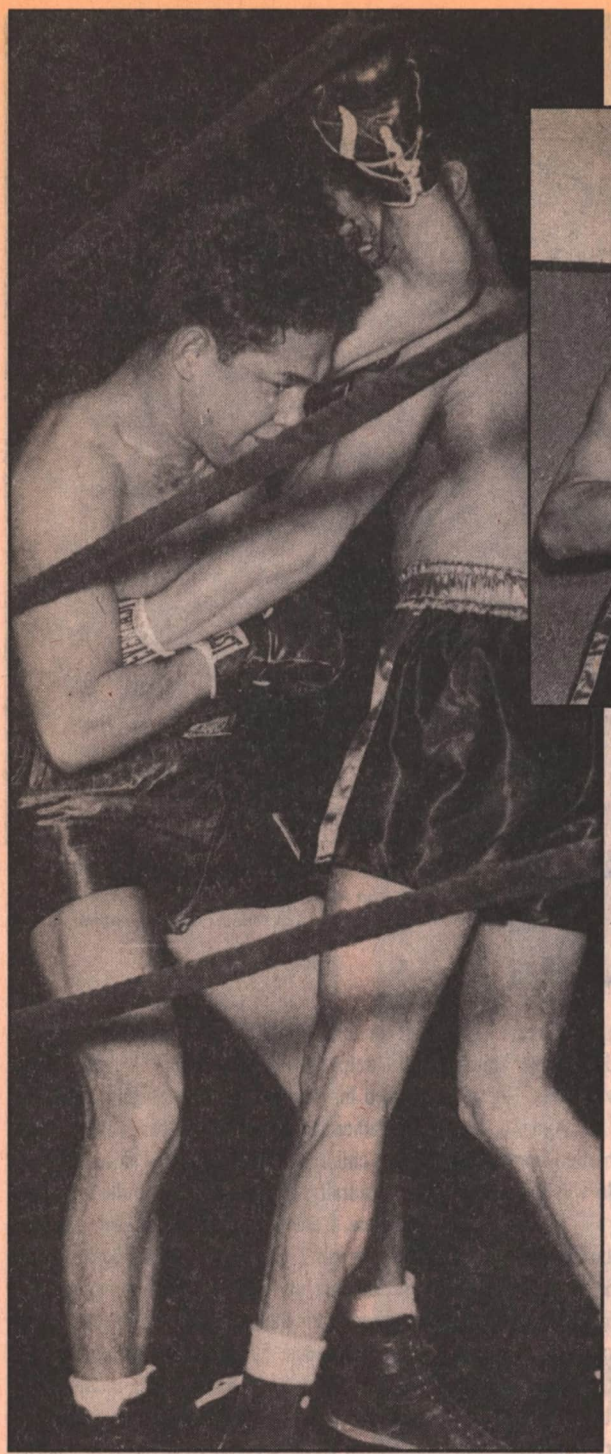
It all began, it seems, when Rocky Castellani's managers got up a big guarantee, and Giardello was forced to wait for his shot at the title. Then one thing piled upon another. First there was the automobile accident. Joey was forced to take a long layoff. In disgust, he started to drink.

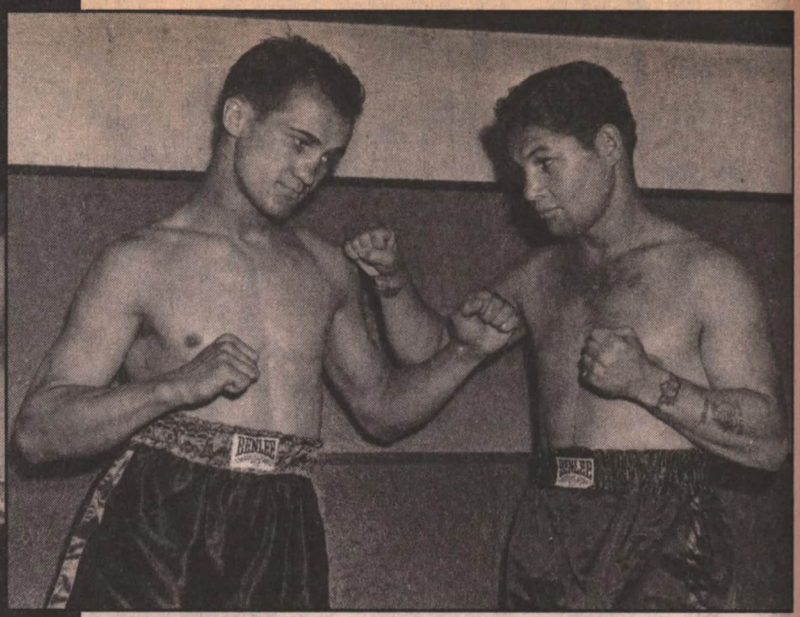
He was still on crutches when he became involved with a gas station attendant. Giardello hit the fellow with a crutch, and later a judge in Philadelphia said, "Six months." After he had served his sentence, there was family trouble. His father had died while he was in jail, and one of his children had been retarded since birth.

Naturally, Giardello turned to the only trade he knew. He was a fighter, wasn't he? The road back wasn't easy. He sold his house in Philadelphia, and with his wife and two children returned to his native Brooklyn. He was granted a boxer's license by Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, who explained it was part of Joey's rehabilitation.

Then came successive defeats by Charley Cotton, Toledo middleweight, at the St. Nicholas Arena. The tide didn't turn until he knocked out Bobby Boyd. Since then, Giardello has been fighting in his old form, but there was that night in Kansas City. His opponent was Willie Vaughn of Los Angeles, but the referee didn't mark the rounds on his card under the National Boxing Association's scoring code, which was in effect that night.

Although using the five-points-a-round-must scoring system, the referee gave Vaughn 51 points. This was mathematically impossible, of





Fritzie Zivic and Bummy Davis square off before their wild battle at Madison Square Garden in 1940 (above). It was a foulfest, with Davis losing control and suffering a second-round disqualification (left).

course. Giardello protested, and the following day the Missouri commission ruled the result a no-decision.

Even his managers, Carmine Graziano and Tony Ferente, were involved in litigation. Their licenses were revoked by the Pennsylvania commission about the time Giardello was involved in the altercation with the gas station attendant. Recently, a Pennsylvania court overruled the commission and ordered the license restored.

Sure, Giardello was mixed up, but no more so than was Graziano. I ran into Rocky in the clubhouse at the Jamaica racetrack the other day. He was just a happy individual out for an afternoon's fun. If I didn't know, I never could have guessed he spent much of his youth in reform schools.

Nobody would have guessed, if they didn't know, that in the Army, Graziano had slugged a captain, and as a result done a stretch in a military prison. Graziano overcame all that and went on to win the world middleweight title.

Rocky told it all in a book, *Somebody Up There Likes Me.* It became a best-seller and has since been made into a motion picture. Millions of people know all about Graziano. They know his boxer's license was revoked for not reporting a bribe he didn't take for a fight that was never fought. They know, too, he became, and is, a successful television actor.

Today, Graziano is a successful, likable young man with children. He had to fight and lick himself many times, but he made it big.

Al (Bummy) Davis, a product of Brooklyn's slums, was not as fortunate. He was continually fighting himself. He was fighting at the end, but he died on the side of law and order.

A sensation on the way up, Davis ran into trouble fighting Fritzie Zivic at the Garden. It was real trouble, and all because Bummy couldn't control himself. Zivic knew all the tricks and used them. Davis, losing his head completely, fouled Zivic repeatedly. When referee Billy Cavanaugh, boxing coach at West Point, tried to restrain him, he was kicked by the enraged Davis.

Of course, Davis' license was revoked. He was, in effect, "suspended for life." The war clouds were gathering, and Davis, like millions of young Americans, was inducted into the Army. The late Gen. John J. Phelan, then New York Commission chairman, had a soft spot in his heart for soldiers. He restored Davis' license, but there was a condition: Davis had to fight Zivic again. He wasn't in Zivic's class, and Fritzie knocked him out, but Bummy was in good standing again. He was in good standing when, while visiting a friend's saloon, it was held up and robbed.

Davis chased the gunmen and was shot down in the street. He died a hero's death.

Insecurity seems to go with the middleweight title. Olson's downfall was due to marital troubles, and as champion he tried to maintain two families. He was confused and mixed up when Sugar Ray Robinson knocked

him out. He couldn't lick himself, let alone Sugar Ray, who repeated for good measure.

Robinson seems to doubt his own ability. How else can the many postponements he has insisted upon be explained?

Vince Martinez, the Jersey stylist, is another talented boxer who is fighting himself. He has never realized his potential, perhaps for reasons well known to the public. The trouble started with a clash between Vince's family and his manager.

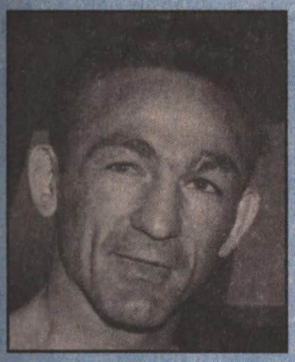
Martinez broke with Bill Daly after running up a string of victories, climaxed with a profitable and successful battle with Art Aragon in Los Angeles. Vince's brother Phil complained the expenses were too high. Daly struck back by grounding the fighter through the International Boxing Guild.

This set off the New York Commission's investigation. Before it was over, the Guild was outlawed by Chairman Julius Helfand. Daly was suspended, and then the case took a strange twist. Daly and Martinez' father got together, and the boxer signed a new contract with the manager.

It follows that the conflict between Daly and his family must have had its effect on his efficiency. The mixup has handicapped his career too; since Daly is banned in New York, Martinez is never seen on television.

Not that Vince hasn't done well financially. He has had big-money fights with Tony DeMarco in Boston and Kid Gavilan in Newark. He recently lost to Ralph Dupas in New Orleans, but that hasn't affected his popularity in New Jersey.

THE RING RATINGS, *July 1957*



Carmen Basilio

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Floyd Patterson, Brooklyn, NY
1. **Tommy Jackson**, Far Rockaway, NY
2. **Eddie Machen**, Redding, CA
3. **Willie Pastrano**, New Orleans, LA
4. **Harold Johnson**, Philadelphia, PA
5. **Bob Satterfield**, Chicago, IL
6. **Archie Moore**, San Diego, CA
7. **Zora Folley**, Chandler, AZ
8. **Nino Valdes**, Cuba
9. **Roy Harris**, Cut And Shoot, TX
10. **Ingemar Johansson**, Sweden

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Archie Moore, San Diego, CA
1. **Tony Anthony**, New York, NY
2. **Gerhard Hecht**, Germany
3. **Yolande Pompey**, Trinidad, BWI
4. **Hans Stretz**, Germany
5. **Chuck Spieser**, Lansing, MI
6. **Willi Hoepner**, Germany
7. **Clarence Hinnant**, Washington, D.C.
8. **Dogomar Martinez**, Uruguay
9. **Charles Colin**, France
10. **Randy Turpin**, England

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ray Robinson, New York, NY
1. **Gene Fullmer**, West Jordan, UT
2. **Charley Humez**, France
3. **Ellsworth (Spider) Webb**, Chicago, IL
4. **Joey Giambra**, Buffalo, NY
5. **Joey Giardello**, Philadelphia, PA
6. **Rory Calhoun**, White Plains, NY
7. **Ralph (Tiger) Jones**, Yonkers, NY
8. **Bobby Boyd**, Chicago, IL
9. **Chebo Hernandez**, Mexico
10. **Charley Joseph**, New Orleans, LA

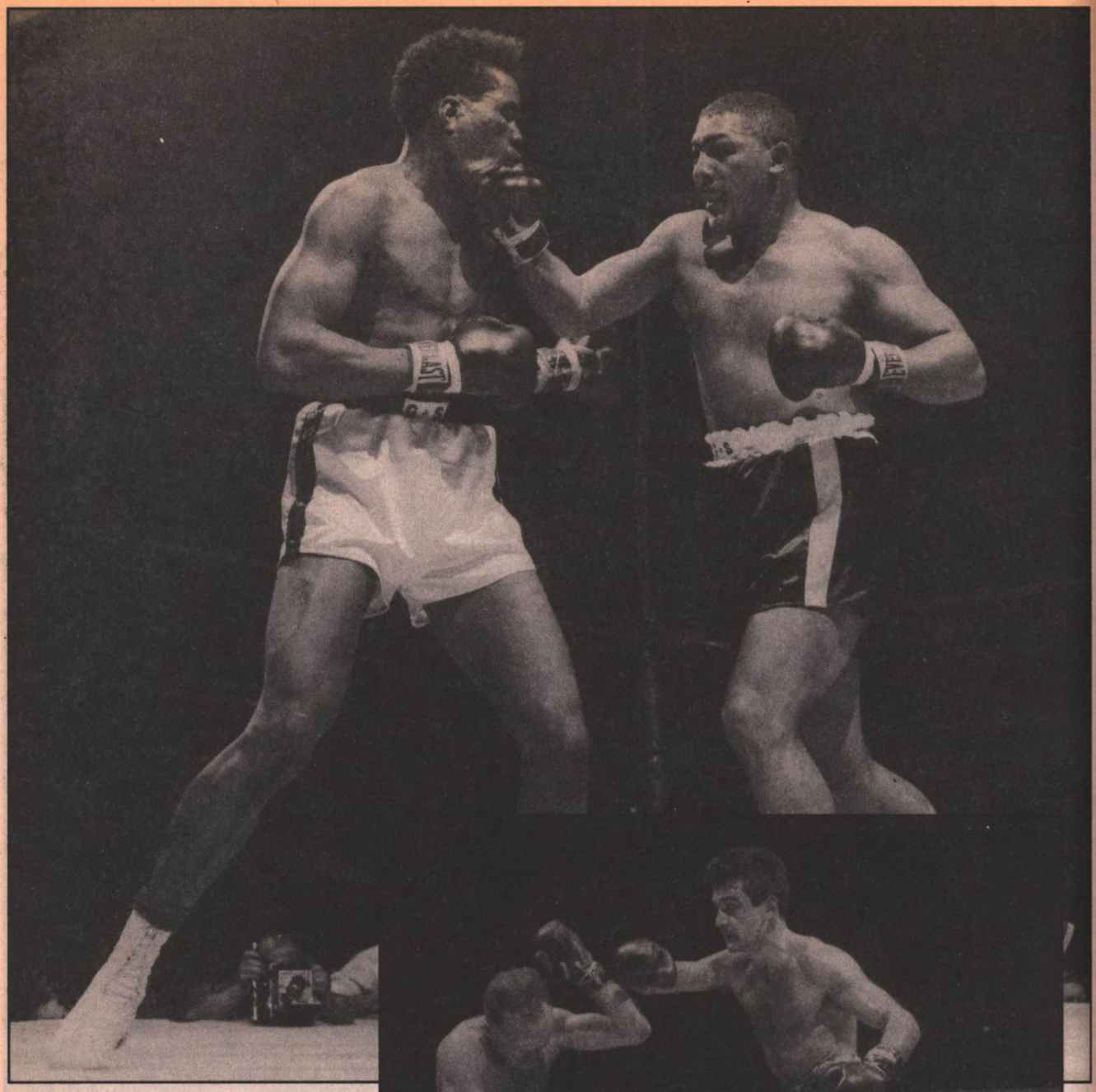
WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Carmen Basilio, Syracuse, NY
1. **Tony DeMarco**, Boston, MA
2. **Gaspar Ortega**, Mexico
3. **Isaac Logart**, Cuba
4. **Virgil Akins**, St. Louis, MO
5. **Del Flanagan**, St. Paul, MN
6. **Johnny Saxton**, Brooklyn, NY
7. **Vince Martinez**, Paterson, NJ
8. **Charley (Tombstone) Smith,** Los Angeles, CA
9. **Walter Byars**, Roxbury, MA
10. **George Barnes**, Australia

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Joe Brown, New Orleans, LA
1. **Duilio Loi**, Italy
2. **Kenny Lane**, Muskegon, MI
3. **Orlando Zulueta**, Cuba
4. **Ralph Dupas**, New Orleans, LA
5. **Larry Boardman**, Marlboro, CT
6. **Willie Toweel**, South Africa
7. **Baby Vasquez**, Mexico
8. **Paolo Rosi**, New York, NY
9. **Al Nevarez**, Mexico
10. **Johnny Gonsalves**, Oakland, CA

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Title Vacant
1. **Cherif Hamia**, France
2. **Hogan (Kid) Bassey**, Nigeria
3. **Flash Elorde**, Philippines
4. **Miguel Berrios**, Puerto Rico
5. **Ike Chestnut**, New York, NY
6. **Carmelo Costa**, Brooklyn, NY
7. **Jean Sneyers**, Belgium
8. **Paul Jorgensen**, Port Arthur, TX
9. **Ricardo Moreno**, Mexico
10. **Kid Anahuac**, Mexico

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Alphonse Halimi, France
1. **Raul (Raton) Macias**, Mexico
2. **Mario D'Agata**, Italy
3. **Billy Peacock**, Los Angeles, CA
4. **Leo Espinosa**, Philippines
5. **German Ohm**, Mexico
6. **Dante Bini**, France
7. **Orlando Reyes**, Cuba
8. **Al Asuncion**, Philippines
9. **Robert Tartari**, France
10. **Joe Beccera**, Mexico

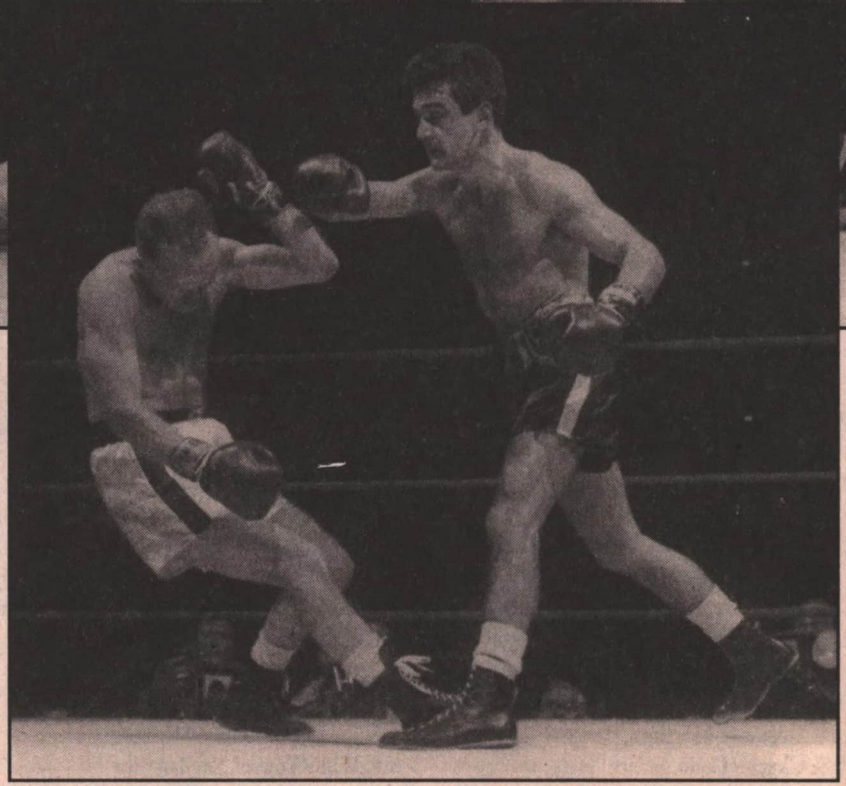
FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Pascual Perez, Argentina
1. **Young Martin**, Spain
2. **Dommy Ursua**, Philippines
3. **Memo Diez**, Mexico
4. **Aristide Pozzali**, Italy
5. **Mitoshi Misaki**, Japan
6. **Pone Kingpetch**, Thailand
7. **German Pardo**, Chile
8. **Danny Kid**, Philippines
9. **Robert Pollazon**, France
10. **Ramon Arias**, Venezuela



Unpredictable heavyweight Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson sponges a right from contender Bob Baker during their Madison Square Garden battle in 1956. The always-confident Jackson won the 10-rounder on points.

If Martinez were not fighting himself, as well as his opponents, there is no telling how far he would go. He is a title contender as it is, but too often he makes things tough for himself. The talent is there, the experts agree, but whether it will pay off with a championship is something no one can predict.

Emotionally unstable fighters are common enough. Hurricane Jackson is one. He took to the hills at Chatam Township, New Jersey, because a sparring partner knocked him down in



Underachieving welterweight Vince Martinez halts Chuck Davey in the seventh round. For years, Martinez was plagued by problems with manager Bill Daly.

training. Hurricane may have been off-balance, as trainer Whitey Bimstein insists, but he refused to come down until he could do so under a cover of darkness.

Jackson never doubts himself. Confident of winning, he never has to fight away his own doubts before going into action. He makes trouble for his handlers, as he is unpredictable, but personally he never seems to worry.

I imagine Tony Anthony had to lick himself before he knocked out Chuck Speiser. He had lost only four fights, all by knockout. He is an intelligent young man, and knew the fans were saying he had a glass jaw. Knowing he was the superior boxer, Anthony still had to convince himself he could handle the Michigan State alumnus.

Anthony might have given the United States a sixth gold medal at Helsinki in 1952 if he had been sure of himself. An alternate in the light middleweight class, he had a chance to box as a welterweight. First he consulted his father by cable, and on being advised not to take weight off, passed up the chance.

As a professional, Anthony was overshadowed by his Olympic teammate, Floyd Patterson, now the world heavyweight champion. As Patterson followed his Olympic triumph with one professional victory after another, Anthony seemed to fade from the picture. All this he has overcome in recent months and now seems headed for greatness.

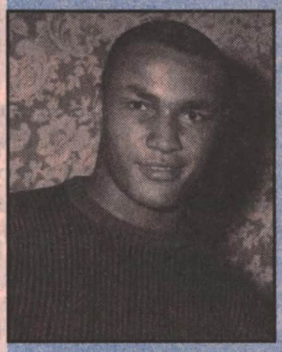
Patterson is a solid fighter who, if nervous, never shows it. The same is true of Carmen Basilio, world welterweight champion. Rocky Marciano seemed to enjoy the trade, but the mental strain must have been terrific. Growing weary of the long training grind, if from nothing else, he retired undefeated.

Boxers are people, one different from another, as Dr. Joyce Brothers, a psychiatrist, would concede. Dr. Brothers answered all the questions (for $64,000). Joey Giardello, fighting his way back to the top, must answer his own. ■

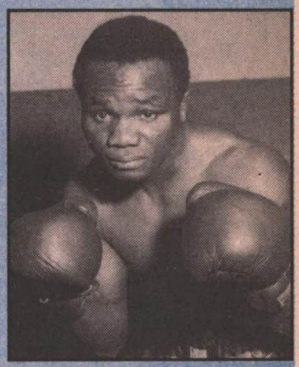
Former world middleweight champion Bobo Olson with son Vincent. Family problems caused Olson to lose focus, and he was unable to fight to his full potential. Sugar Ray Robinson beat him three times.

THE RING, July 1957

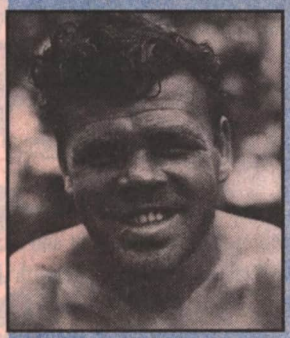
The Cover: As if he were in need of further credentials, Sugar Ray Robinson strengthened his status as an all-time great by regaining the world middleweight title with a stunning one-punch kayo of Gene Fullmer. Robinson became the first fighter in history to win a title four times.



A Two-Title Threat: New York's Tony Anthony, who is profiled by Murray Rose, has advanced from china-chinned prospect to solid world-class contender. Anthony is scheduled to challenge world light heavyweight champion Archie Moore. Should he be victorious, he'll aim for Floyd Patterson's heavyweight title.



Putting Nigeria On The Map: Featherweight Hogan (Kid) Bassey, the first Nigerian to ever fight in the United States, is on the verge of winning the world title. Bassey will meet France's Cherif Hamia for the vacant title. The Nigerian is a former British Empire titlist.



They Wouldn't Stay Down: Jersey Jones examines championship-caliber fighters who refused to be discouraged by defeat. Among those who showed resiliency: Benny Leonard, Jersey Joe Walcott, Joe Louis, Gene Tunney, and Mickey Walker (pictured).

Fighter Of The Month: No surprise here. Sugar Ray Robinson is selected for his title-winning kayo of middleweight champion Gene Fullmer. Others receiving consideration were heavyweight Roy Harris, who defeated Bob Baker, middleweight Joey Giambra, who topped Chico Vejar, and middleweight Joey Giardello, who bested Rory Calhoun.

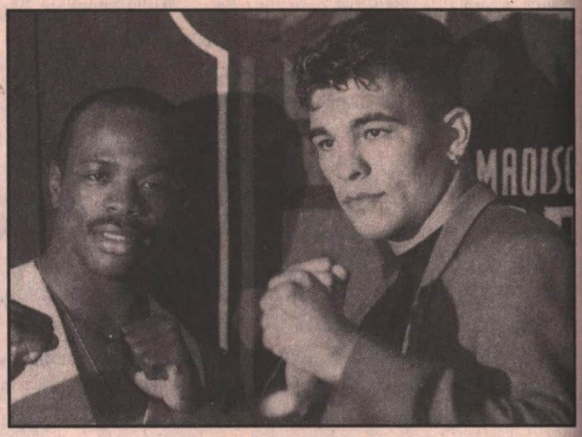
LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

THE GARDEN PARTY

Clashing on the De La Hoya-Leija undercard at Madison Square Garden on December 15 will be IBF junior lightweight champion Tracy Patterson and power-punching contender Arturo Gatti. If the oddsmakers are correct, it will be a more competitive bout than the main event.

"It's a very different fight than the Ed Hopson fight," said Patterson's trainer, Tommy Parks. (Patterson won the title by kayoing Hopson in two rounds.) "Hopson has much faster hands, but Gatti is a much harder puncher, particularly in the early rounds. With Hopson, it was attack immediately. We'll finesse this guy a little bit."



Patterson and Gatti should be a 130-pound war

If Patterson can turn his anger into positive energy, he'll retain the title with ease. The former 122-pound champion is more comfortable at 130 pounds, but he failed to land a date with De La Hoya after it was decided he was too small for "The Golden Boy."

"It was the biggest opportunity of my career," he said of the fight that had been promised. "Too small? I'm 145 pounds right now. I'm no smaller than Leija. Let's go into a weight room and see who's stronger."

Patterson is also upset that his relationship with his father, former heavyweight champion and recently appointed New York State Athletic Commission Chairman Floyd Patterson, has deteriorated. Several months ago, Tracy informed Floyd he wanted to reduce his father's role to trainer. (Floyd was also managing his son.) Floyd was deeply hurt and still hasn't recovered.

"I've told him I love him, what else can I do?" said a frustrated Tracy.

In a strange twist, Floyd will be overseeing his son's first defense. Only in boxing, indeed.

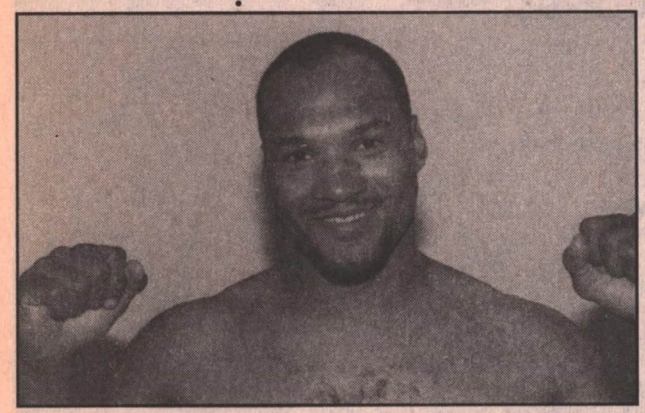


Photo by Jay Lash

Taylor: Out with a bum wheel

LISTEN UP

Should **Oscar De La Hoya** be successful against **Jesse James Leija** on December 15, look for him to rise to junior welterweight and tackle streaking veteran **Sammy Fuentes**. After that? De La Hoya is hoping for a Cinco de Mayo date with **Julio Cesar Chavez** ... Newly crowned WBC middleweight champion **Quincy Taylor** underwent surgery in September to repair a torn anterior cruciate ligament in his left knee. When he returns, which will probably be in March or April 1996, he'll defend against the mandatory challenger, England's **Richie Woodhall**.

Las Vegas Hilton

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Gabe Ruelas	Azumah Nelson	3-1	Ruelas gets his revenge against fading former great
Oscar De La Hoya	Jesse James Leija	10-1	De La Hoya to keep on rolling
Tracy Patterson	Arturo Gatti	5-2	Tracy has the experience and the firepower

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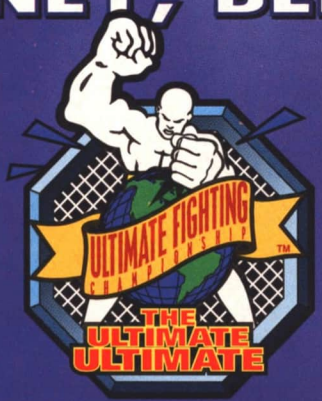

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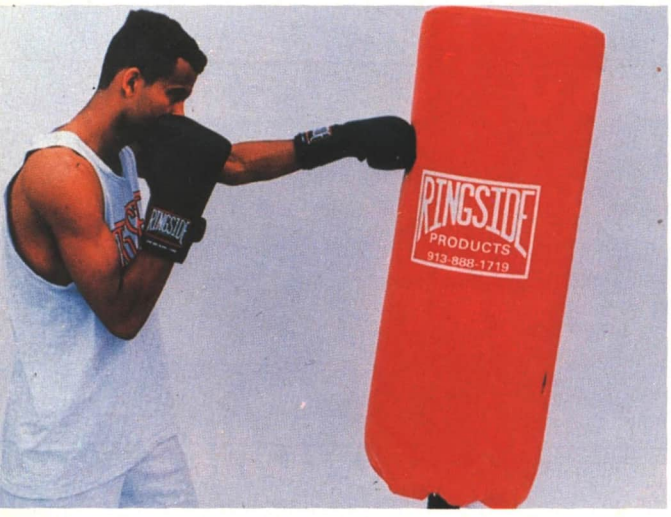

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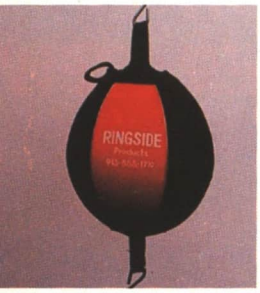

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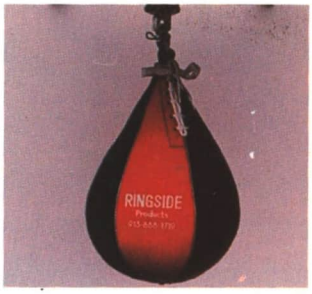

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